THE ADVENTURES OF *POMPONIUS.*

PART. II.

CONTAINING

I. The entire HISTORY of Prince RELOSAN.

II. CHARACTERS of the *Court-Ladies* and *Lords.*

III. The *Ferbian* War, its Progreſs and Concluſion.

IV. The Chronicle of the Chevalier SOTERMELEC.

V. An Account of the *Regiment* of the CAP.

VI. The deplorable Cataſtrophe of Prince JONAS.

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CLAVIS.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *POMPONIUS.*

PART. II.

CHAP. XXI.

A learned *Panegyrick on a* learned Man. Pomponius *and* Piso *go to* Menelas *where they* marry themselves *for* three Days.

I Am charmed with your Conversation, said *Pomponius*, and wish I could enjoy it longer; but a *Party* of *Pleasure*, that *Piso* and I have agreed upon, will deprive me of it for some Days. I leave these Gentlemen with you,

but *Piso* and I must presently take our Leaves of you for a Week. *Piso*, before he parted from *Samar*, returned the *four short Letters*, asking him who might be the Author of them. *Samar* replied, he'll be a black *Ichtyophagian* of an Origine somewhat obscure. If you were not in such Haste to be gone, I would show you a small Work, wherein he endeavours to defend himself against some Authors who will handle him severely. As he is to be infatuated with his pretended Nobility, he'll draw out a Kind of Genealogy for himself, to prove, that he is descended from *Rondibilis* Physician to *Fontevrauld* famous in *Rabelais*. Being of the same Name, he'll call himself a Relation of some worthless Authors who shall have written an Age before him. He'll claim Kin with several Magistrates and other Persons of Distinction; but, the Cream of the Jest, is, he'll not mention a Word either of his Father or Mother. Don't imagine that he is to spring out of the Ground, like a Mushrome in the Night-Time. He'll very prudently omit an Article, which would be of no Service towards his proving his sixteen Quarters. As for this Man, Sir, said *Pomponius*, he must have little Merit indeed, since you don't make a *Panegyrick* upon him. Not, replied *Samar*, but that he is to blot many a Ream of Paper. He'll

get

get some Honour by a Life of *Cassiodorus* which will pass for his, though he has no more Hand in it than you have. The Works of *Gregory* the Great, Pontiff of *Rome*, which he is to publish, will be an everlasting Monument of his Ignorance and his Want of Judgement and Taste. Twenty Years after his Death, the World will be obliged to publish another Edition of them, upon the Memoirs which that learned Ichtyophagian *Coutant* shall have left. In the Decline of his Days, he'll go about amending and inlarging a Catalogue of *Gaulish Druids*, but he'll carry on the Work with so much Haste, and so little Knowledge, that it will be of no Manner of Use to any, but those who are disposed to make Litanies: Far from dwelling a little on every Druid, as certainly every Man of Learning and Judgement would do, he'll only add their Name to the Year of their Life, or at most some scandalous or honourable Epithet, according as they were affected to *Stoicism*, which he'll outwardly profess. Besides, to swell his Work, he'll stuff it with an useless Collection of old Writings, which he'll take for the Basis of his Book, though in the Body of it, he only extracts out of them the Name and Time when the Druid, they shall mention, lived. He'll remember to give an Account of the Letter from *Bajazet* the

Turkish Emperor, to *Alexander* the VIth Pontiff of *Rome*, desiring him to make *Cibo* a compleat Cardinal. This will be one of the archest Passages in the *Ichtyophagian's* Work, yet not taken Notice of so much as it requires, tho' he'll recite this Piece in the *Instruments* of his *first* Volume. *His passionate revengeful Temper* —— Sir, said *Celer*, interrupting *Samar*, you have set forth the Druid of *Medoc*, and the Prince of *Relosan* in such amiable Colours, that I pity this *Ichtyophagian*, that he is neither *Druid* nor *Prince*. He is to be *both*, answered *Samar*, but that shall not induce me to throw away my Praises upon him, for he shall owe *one* of these *Dignities* wholly to *Custom*; the *other* he'll *get* only by *Sollicitations*, *Cabals*, and *Factions*; and after he has obtained it, he'll content himself with the *bare Title*, and leave the publick Affairs to a capricious Fellow of a Secretary. I can give *true Merit* all its due, but for *false Virtue* I always hated it. To do justice to a Man, when I can't give him a fair Character, yet I can't forbear saying what I know of him.

Sir, said *Piso*, I'll behave my self with so much Discretion, that I'll oblige you to speak well of me, whether you will or no: Above all, I promise you, by *Minerva*, never to set up for a Writer. You rail too unmercifully at a poor Author, who often

ften writes only for Vapour, and who is etter pleased with the *Title* of *a learned Man*, than with a thousand Pounds a Year. Gentlemen, good Morrow, adieu till our ext happy Meeting. *Pomponius* and *Piso* et out for *Menelas*, whither they were recalled by *Love*. Their Ladies were as mpatient to see them again, as they were ager to be with their Ladies. 'Twas not ong, before they had the Pleasure of their Conversation. The *Lunarian* Ladies are ery polite and engaging: They are as irtuous as beautiful, and their great Worth eeps alive the Affections of those, whose ervices they vouchase to accept of. After many *Parties* of *Pleasure*, in which our *Romans* had feasted themselves with all the weets which *Venus* sheds on the *Eyes* and *ips* of *Lovers*, they resolved, as their ime was short, to marry their Ladies for hree Days, according to the *Custom* of the *ountry*, which allows any one to marry or what Time he pleases. The *Gardens* of *Marcioppe* were pitched upon for the Place o celebrate the Nuptials in, and all the ersons of Distinction in *Menelas* were inited. Every Thing was performed with he utmost Magnificence. The Banquets ere as exquisite as if they had been directed by *Lucullus* or *Conremoulins*. The usick was composed by *Orpheus*. The *Graces* had invented the Games and *Dances*.

The Genius of *Menander*, *Terence*, and *Moliere*, wrote the *Comedy*. The *Feast* was diverted with an Adventure which fell out thro' the Fantasticalness of Fortune. 'Tis a Custom among the *Lunarians*, the first Night of their Nuptials, when the Banquet is over, to run away with the *Brides*, after the Ladies have veiled their Eyes. The *Ravisher* generally obtains the *first Favour*, if he knows how to take *Occasion* by the *Forelock*. The *Bridegrooms* endeavour to hinder it, and are sometimes overcome. The Ceremony was begun, the *Brides* were veiled, and the young Noblemen of *Menelas* used all their Endeavours to carry them off, so that *Pomponius* and *Piso* finding that it was in vain to resist, and that they were vastly over-powered by Numbers, chose each to run away with his Lady; but Chance brought it about that *Pomponius* laid hold of *Piso*'s Lady, and *Piso* laid hold of *Pomponius*'s Lady. The young *Lunarian* Noblemen who perceived the Mistake, far from discovering it to them, only thought how to bring them on to crown the Adventure. They went on in some sham Efforts to carry off the Ladies, and by Degrees let the *Romans* escape with their Prizes. They betook themselves to two different Walks, at the End of which, *Love* had prepared a verdant Bed of Turf for them, where both thinking themselves

themſelves happy in the Arms of their Brides, they enjoy'd thoſe *Delights* which are permitted to an *United-Pair*. After the Conſummation of their Joys, they unveiled the *Beauties* that lay *claſpt* in their *Embraces*, and were all four equally ſurprized at the Miſtake they had committed. They all kept to what they had, not daring openly to contravene an old Cuſtom of not *unveiling* the *Ladies*, till the *mutual Pleaſures* have been acted.

When they returned, and the Company were for laughing at them, they declared they took for *Spouſes* thoſe that *Fortune* had given them. The two remaining Days, like the two firſt, were ſpent in Games, Dances, and Pleaſures; but our *Romans* were very much ſurprized, in the Liberties that *Marriage* allowed them to take with their Ladies, to find that under their left Breaſt, they had a Hole cover'd with a tranſparent Chryſtal, through which their Heart was to be ſeen. If our *Roman* Women had ſuch a Window, it might be of great Uſe to us. Then examining the Structure of theſe Ladies Hearts, they found that all their Thoughts were written in Hieroglyphical-Letters, which would have been an endleſs Piece of Work for them to explain, ſo that their Ladies gave them the *Key*, by which they underſtood that their Love was not loſt. *Piſo*, only ſighed:

He

He could have wished that the *Roman* Ladies had not so much Majesty in their Countenance, had they only such a Window to their Hearts, as the *Lunarians* have. They could not impose upon us as they do: Could we immediately, said he, discover their Mind by looking on their Heart, How happy would a *Husband* be! for by this Sign, he could know if *another* did not partake with him of those Pleasures which are only his Property! He enquired how they came by so useful an Ornament, and being told that they were born with it, he several Times wished, that it were possible, that the *Roman* Ladies could be brought to Bed in the MOON. *Pomponius* was of the same Mind, but seeing it was in vain to think upon it, he proposed to *Piso* to continue their Pleasures, and not lose Time in fruitless Wishes, which was no difficult Matter to persuade him to. At the Expiration of the three Days, they made very magnificent Presents to their Ladies, desiring them, that if they were so happy as to prove *Fathers* in the *Moon*, they would give their Names to the Children they should bring forth. The Lady whom *Pomponius* had enjoyed had a Daughter, which from her Father's Name, she called *Popo*; and she whom *Piso* had married had a Boy, to whom she gave the Name of *Sulpitius*. We shall relate

ate the Adventures of these Two in the Sequel of this Work. After our *Romans* had taken Leave of their Ladies, they went to the *Magazine* of *Maidenheads*, whither *Pomponius* thought *his* might be returned. He found it at the Door, taking the Air, and resting it self after the Fatigues it had undergone at *Menelas*: He took it again, and they pursued their Journey towards *Snellius*, which they reached at the Time they had promised.

CHAP. XXII.

MANUSCRIPTS *and* MEDALS *in the Library of the* MOON. *A Conversation of the* Romans.

PRISCUS told them, that in their Absence, *Samar* had shewed them the *Manuscripts* and *Medals* in the Library. What did you find that is remarkable in them? said *Piso*. Very little answered *Priscus*; *Samar* sets a great Value upon them, and I believe that's the only Thing which makes them valuable: Not but that there are some very fine Ones, either in Rolls, Bark of Trees, or Parchment.

He

He shewed us *thirty seven* of the same Work, and almost every one of them different: One says blue, where another says red; one affirms, what another denies. Afterwards to convince us how useful these *Manuscripts* are, he shewed us two several Editions of this Work, *one* whereof favours the *Epicureans*, and the *other* upholds *Stoicism*. Both of them are founded upon good and ancient *Manuscripts*, whose Authority we must no more call in Question, than the *Divinity* of *Phœbus*, which has convinc'd me, that these Pieces are of excellent Use to *prove* whatsoever Opinion one has a Mind to *defend*. He shewed us some *forged Manuscripts*, which so nearly resembled the *true Ones*, that if he had not acquainted us with the Cheat, they would all have passed with us for Originals.

You have forgot, said *Egnatius*, the Trick he told us of. For my Part, said *Celer*, I laughed very heartily at it; 'tis something like this. For about a thousand Years all the learned World will attribute to *Plautus*, *Cicero*, *Terence*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Catullus*, *Martial*, and a vast Croud of later Authors, who, as well as I can remember their Names, I think, are to be called *Gelasius*, *Gregory*, *Augustin*, *Ambrose*, *Hillary*, *Prosper*, *Fulgentius*, &c. all the Works that go under their Names; and in this they are confirm'd by ancient *Manuscripts*, and a faith-

faithful *Tradition*, which will ascertain hat all the Works which shall be attribu-ed to them, are really Genuine, and have ithout any Intermission, from the Time f the *Lives* of these *Writers*, down to la-er Ages, always been attributed to them, Yet a *black Ichtyophagian* will arraign the Authority of these *Manuscripts*, and the Uniformity of the *Traditions*. First, he is o fall upon the *Roman* Writers, and shew hat they are all *Supposititious*, that nothing an be more uncertain than what *that Hi-tory* will relate, and that the admired Names of *Terence*, and *Cicero*, *Horace*, and *Virgil* are merely Chimerical, assumed by nonymous Authors to set off their Works. Through an affected *Pyrrhonism* he'll ex-tend his main Principle to all religious Matters, and show that the World has been imposed upon, under the specious Title of *ancient* and *authentick Manuscripts*, which proved whatever had been advanced. But it will be his Misfortune to broach his System in an Age so insatuated with the *Worth* of *Manuscripts*, that he'll be oblig-ed to recant under Pain of Disobedience, which he'll do with a very good Grace, by confessing, that we should talk like the *Multitude*, tho' we think otherwise. How! said *Pomponius*, one who is convinced by Study, Experience, and Labour, that a Thing is *not*, and moreover thinks he has

Evidence

Evidence to the *contrary*, will nevertheless declare with his Mouth that a Thing is *black*, though he be persuaded it is *white*. He'll go farther, added *Egnatius*, and notwithstanding his Recantation, he'll undertake in his System, to give a Collection of the Determinations of all the *General Assemblies* of the *Pontiffs* of his Religion. Nothing less than the *Authority* of the *Prince* will be of force enough to dispense him from so intricate a Work. I know very well, said *Priscus*, that all Men are out of their Wits, but I wonder that a Man of Learning is to run into such a Degree of Extravagancy. *Samar* has related to us *another History* concerning *Manuscripts*, which is no better than the first. He told us, that the Affection for venerable Antiquity will one Time be carried so far, as that those who shall be most skilled in *Deciphering Manuscripts*, shall be looked upon as the greatest Men of the Age, and this, in one of the best regulated Governments. At that Time, the Druid of *Sedan*, jealous of the Antiquity of his Race, will set himself to work, to prove, *that he is descended in a direct Line from an Emperor of the* Gauls. He'll cause the old fanatical *Records* of a *Den* of *Ichtyophagians* to be examined into, and will make out to the Judgement of the Experienced, though against all common Sense, that the *Emperor*

peror from whom he presumes to derive his Descent, was a Father before he was nine Years of Age. But the *Reigning Monarch* being justly incensed at the Insolence and Ignorance of these *Decypherers* of *Manuscripts*, will banish them a hundred Miles from his Person, that they may learn to *read*, or at least to *tell* their idle Tales with more Precaution.

Among other Manuscripts, said *Celer*, he shewed us a Parchment one, written in Letters of Gold, intituled, *The* History *of the* Order *of the* CAP*; dedicated to his Lordship the Druid *Moal*, Founder of the *Order*. This Piece is full of the cleverest Knavery in the World, and may

* To give a just Account of the *Origine* of the *Regiment* of the *Cap*, I must acquaint the *Reader*, that the Jesters who in the Beginning of the *Minority* of *Lewis* the XVth, formed this *supposed Regiment*, had in view these Expressions which are become Proverbs, *He wants a Leaden Cap. He has no Lead in his Head.* The Jesters and Witlings of the Court, were pleased upon this Principle, to inroll in this *Regiment* all whom they thought deserved to be taken Notice of for *ridiculous Defects*, and *gross Vices*: And as Raillery sticks upon those only, who are worth the Trouble of it, so they inlisted in the *Troops* of the *Cap*, for the most Part, none but Persons well known, and conspicuous by their Employments, Birth, or Wit.

A small *Appendix*, at the End of this Work, will fully clear up *The* History *of the* Cap.

be of use, as containing an *Abridegment* of the *Lives* of all the *Princes*, *Noblemen*, and *Druids* who are to be *Knights* of this *Order*. From the Beginning, to the End, 'tis one continued Series of Flights and Witticisms which are above all Manner of Reward. Among other Matters in it, there is the *Life* of a *Cat*, *Major Domo* to his *Lordship* the *Druid* of *Moal*. This *Cat* one Day seeing an *Ape* as beautiful as an *Adonis* who served his *Highness* in the Quality of a *Steward*, so over whelmed with Sorrow, that he was necessitated to make his *Highness* fast, having received nothing for the Expence of the Table, but a Piece of Paper as big as one's Hand, which would neither roast, boil, stew, nor fry; this *Cat*, I say, then bethought himself of a clever Trick, to relieve the perplexed *Steward* from the heavy Concern he laboured under. He instantly takes the Field, but the *Mice* of the House having Notice of his March, scudded away to their Holes. The *Major Domo* finding no Game in the Garret or Cellar, it came into his Mind that he had often smelt a Scent about his Master, which he was seldom or never without. He hunts the Scent; enters his Master's Room, goes into the Closet, where he finds his *Highness* very busy in composing *An Ample Commentary* upon the *Life* of *Margery des Pelottons*, waiting Gentlewoman to the *Samaritan*

maritan of the Pont-Neuf. He ſnuffs the Scent, and now begins to hope for ſome Game. The *Major Domo* ferrets high and low, and in every Corner of the Cloſet, without finding any Thing, only perceiving, that the nearer he comes to his Maſter, the more the Smell affects him. At laſt ſmelling his Maſter he diſcovers that in all probability he ſhould catch a Prize. He clambers up his Legs, and a Foot higher finds ſomething like a *dry Spunge*, which at firſt he took for a *Mouſe*, but perceiving his Miſtake, he goes on and tickles his Body higher, yet ſtill without finding any Thing. The higher he climbs the ſtronger the Scent grows. He poſts himſelf in Ambuſh upon his *Highneſs*'s Shoulder, and hearing ſome Noiſe, claps his Noſe to my Lord's Ear: The Porter at the ſame Time ſteps forth to ſee who knocked at the Door, but unluckily putting out his Head a little too far, the *Cat* ſeized him by the Collar, and carried him away overjoyed to the Steward, to whom he delivered him up, to be put in Civet, for his *Highneſs*'s Eating. 'Twas the prettieſt *Rat* that could be, he had learned his Humanity at *Pleſſis*, and gone through a *Courſe* of *Rhetorick* at the *Jeſuit*'s College under *Poree*. *Montenuis* had inſtructed him in *Philoſophy*, and he had ſtudied *Divinity* under *Hubi*. The CAP of Doctor of the Houſe of *Navarre*

had been conferred upon him: Afterwards he became Director of the *Moniales*, who thanked him for his Services, and civilly dismissed him, because he eat up all their Candles. It was an undeserved Happiness to him, to be taken into his *Highness's* Service, who had given him one of his empty Rooms, with the Employment of *Swiss* to his Head. How have you retained all these Whimwhams? said *Pomponius*. We are more apt, said *Priscus*, to retain such a trifling Story, than a Philosophical Precept.

Have the *Medals* given you the same Satisfaction as the *Manuscripts*? said *Piso*. They are almost the same Thing, continued *Priscus*; but by what *Samar* has told us, the World will be more eager about *Medals* than *Manuscripts*. They'll be inestimable: Even Persons of Distinction will take a Pride in understanding them; and not a few Ladies will be so fond of this *Science*, as to set up for *Medallists*. Some learned Antiquaries will be bewitched to that Degree as to sell even their very Patrimony, to buy up *a compleat Cabinet of Medals*. What then are these so highly-valued *Medals* to be? said *Pomponius*. They are to be, answered *Egnatius*, our *present current Money*, that of *former* Ages, and that of *succeeding* Ages. As this *Money* will become scarce, some will pretend to have of it,

, that they may know the Princes, and ather from it ſome Diſcoveries into *Hiſto-cal Truths*. This appears to me, ſaid *Ce-r*, very deceitful and not in the leaſt to e relied on, nothing being more eaſy to e counterfeited. If, as *Samar* has told us, t be true that theſe *Medals* are to be in-ſtimable, what can hinder but that a covet-us Impoſtor, who underſtands them, may *rike ſome* himſelf, and chiefly of thoſe hich will be wanting. The Skill of thoſe *onnoiſſeurs*, added the Library-Keeper, is ot to reach ſo far as will be imagined. he moſt knowing are liable to be miſta-en.

But, Gentlemen, may we know what ppened to you in your Journey? *Pom-nius* immediately related to the Com-any, the Adventures which had befallen em during their *three Days Marriage*, hich diverted every Body, except *Piſo*, ho to avoid ſuch Marriages, propoſed ey might leave the Country. *Egnatius* as for going quite round the MOON, be-re their Departure. By *Pollux*, ſaid *Piſo*, e'll take up our Winter Quarters here en. Odsfiſh it will be about a Year before ou have ſeen every Thing: If you will mble that length, I promiſe you, I'll go and ait for you quietly at *Menelas*. And what ill you do there? ſaid *Egnatius*. What ou are too old to do, replied *Piſo*. 'Tis

a laudable Custom in this Country, to *marry* for as long or as short a Time, as they please. Odsfish, I'll *marry* anew every Day for the four and twenty Hours; and if *Pomponius* will hearken to my Instructions, let him do the like at *Fracastor*. He'll be nearer at Hand to have his *Maidenhead* again, at our Departure. For my Part, Gentlemen, said *Pomponius*, I find my self very well here. However strong my *Proneness* to *Love* be, I am charmed with nothing so much as the Sight of *a fine Library*. I am in my Element when I see Books. Where can we go and be better diverted than we are here? There are still ten thousand valuable Things that we have not seen. *Samar* is a Man of Wit, his Behaviour is courteous and obliging, and his entertaining Conversation will be an ample Equivalent for the Pleasure we might have had in travelling over all the MOON. We are Masters of our own Time. We have not left *Rome* to return hither so soon. We should never want something to divert us, though we should stay here a whole *Lustrum*. Let us continue here for some Time longer, that won't hinder us from seeing the Rest. When *Piso* finds his *natural Cravings* come upon him, he may be at *Menelas* in two or three Days.

Or if our Company be so dear to him that he cannot forsake it, I have seen at

Snellius

nellius more than *one Woman* whose Beauty ight captivate a Heart. You are in the ight, said *Egnatius*, let us all go in a ody to visit the Ladies, and court them or *Piso*, to ingage him to stay with us here. ll this, said *Piso*, displeases *Priscus*; I an read his Chagrine in his Looks. But et us do better; we must make every Bo- y easy, when it is in our Power. Let s make Interest with the Magistrates to btain for him the eminent Quality of *Pro- essor* of *Philosophy*. Ah! right, said *Pom- onius*, agreed. I should be very desirous o see the *Lunarians* turn *Stoicks*; I have studied them thoroughly, and *Stoicism* does not appear to be their Calling, chiefly not that of the *Women*, yet still it is better to side with *one* Party than remain *neuter*; therefore, my dear *Priscus*, I desire, you would determine to assume the Title of *Philosopher* in the *Moon*, and in case it be necessary, also the *Letters* of *Naturali- zation*. You have all the Inducements that can be wished for. The *Love of Wis- dom*, a fine spacious Field wherein you may exert your self, without being in the least apprehensive of any prejudiced Per- sons against you. The Complaisance which I believe you have for us all, and the im- portant Services you will do to the *Luna- rian*-Common-Wealth. *Priscus* answered, I willingly consent to your Proposal, but

upon

upon condition, that *Piso* and you shall be assiduous Attendants at my *Lectures*, and shall improve by them. I have been too often and too severely whipt, said *Piso*, ever to go to School again; besides, you must be a Man of Learning indeed, if you could convince me of the *Falsity* of any one of *Epicurus*'s *Principles*. It is needless to tell you that I am a Follower of his *Morality*; every Body knows it: But it is proper you should be acquainted, that I never will embrace any other System, unless you lay down one more easy and agreeable to the *Senses*. I frankly own I am a *Latitudinarian* in Matters of *Morality*, *Opinion*, and *Religion*. The *Philosophy* of *Epicurus* is so well adapted to *Nature*, that before he had invited us to *Pleasure*, all Nature conspired towards it. He did not teach Voluptuousness; he found it already universally established, and so deeply rooted in the Hearts of Men, that I know a *Philosopher* of extraordinary Authority, who has thought himself quite gone astray from *Wisdom*, till he was twenty five Years of Age, because he had not given over *loving* before that Time; whereas by direct contrary Reasoning he ought to have concluded, that he had been Wise only till that Time, which he may reckon the Æra of his Folly. True Wisdom does not consist in the Speculation of some extravagant

nt Maxims. To follow the Bent of Na-
re, to imitate the Gods, to tread in the
otsteps of Heroes, and live after the
anner of our Forefathers, these I affirm
be the genuine Fruits of Wisdom. I be-
eve that *Priscus* with all his Philosophy
ill never persuade any Body, but that
e *Love* we have for fine Things is an
ward Affection, implanted in us by Na-
re; what do I say! it is born with us,
ves with us, and dies with us. He must
cknowledge that the Gods have *loved*, and
ill daily *love on*. *Love* is so essential to
ivinity, that take away *Love* and there's
n End of the *Gods*. Our Existence is a
anifest Proof that our Fathers have *lov-*
d; so that, in my Opinion, all the Feli-
ty of Man ought to consist in *loving* and
eing *beloved*.

This is Reasoning like a downright *Epi-*
urean, answered *Priscus*; but let me tell
ou, that as useful as a well regulated
Love may be, nothing is more destructive
han this very *Love*, if in the least it
ransgresses its proper Bounds. The *Love*
hich is implanted in us by *Nature*, is a
issolute *Love*, which lavishes every Thing
way upon the Senses, and by corrupting
he Heart utterly vitiates the Mind. Had
the least Inclination towards denying
he Existence of our Gods, their infamous
Amours would be the weightiest Motive

to

to determine me in that Disbelief. Our Laws have thought no Punishment too severe for *Adultery*. A *Vestal* convicted of *Impurity* is buried alive. Yet we worship *Gods* who have committed all imaginable Kinds of *Impurities*, and what is still more we are so wickedly devout as to sanctify those very *Impudicities*. We believe that an *adulterous God* wields the Thunder: We believe that *Hercules* is in Heaven as being *Jupiter*'s Son, that is to say, the Fruit of his Crime. You talk too freely, said *Egnatius*; the *Gods*, though they may seem to be Adulterers, are not guilty. *Reason* on Earth is quite different from *Reason* in Heaven. A Potter can do what he pleases with his Clay: Reflect on and conceive the vast Extent of this Maxim. Whatever surpasses our Comprehensions in the Gods, we must respect with a resigned Faith and holy Humility. *Jupiter* is God, consequently impeccable: He has had a Son by *Alcmena*. Who knows but that he formed him in her Womb, without any *carnal Contact*; the Gods being Spirits, it is inconsistent with their Nature, to create a Man by the human Ways of Generation. *Amphitryon* was not the Father of *Hercules*, though his Consort *Alcmena* was the Mother of him, and from thence you infer that *Jupiter* owning *Hercules* for his Son was an Adulterer. This is false Logick.

Perhaps

erhaps you cannot comprehend how it n be otherwiſe. This evidently ſhows at your Intellects are limited, but not the leaſt that the *Gods* are guilty of any npudicity, or Wickedneſs whatſoever. *eligion* and the *Gods* are always to be oken of with Diſcretion and Reſpect, nd what is above our Comprehenſion hould be the Object of our Admiration. I hank you, ſaid *Piſo*, for ſeconding me, hat *Priſcus* ſays, that Adultery is puniſh-d with Death, is not univerſally True; ecauſe at *Rochetaillade* they content them-elves with pulling off the Hairs of their Nudities one by one, as I remember to have ead in *Antiquity explained, and repreſented n Figures.* But not to amuſe my ſelf with ny farther Diſputes with him, I only deſire im to obſerve the Motions of his Heart, hen he ſees a fine Woman. I dare ſwear e *loves.* At leaſt, ſaid *Priſcus*, I conceal my railty, and your Propoſition is too ex-enſive. According to your Way of ſpeak-ng, I ſhould be a *general Lover* of all he Ladies, they being all handſome, and here would be as many Rivals as Men, hey being all inclined to *Love.* You put oo ſtrict a Conſtruction upon my Thought, anſwered *Piſo.* A *Beauty* may be *loved*, but the Ladies are not the only beautiful Things. *Sejanus*, loved Dignities and Pow-er, and ſacrificed every Thing to his *Am-*

bition,

bition, which was his predominant *Lo*
and had he ſeduced *Livia*, 'twas only
order to make himſelf Maſter of t
Throne. To *Macenas*, nothing appear
ſo beautiful as Life. The covetous M
ſer cannot comprehend how any Thi
can vie in Beauty with *Gold* and *Silve*
and you your ſelf think that, of all Thing
Philoſophy is the moſt beautiful.

But I ſee *Samar* coming towards us, ſai
Pomponius, certainly he'll return our Viſits.

CHAP. XXIII

Samar's *Opinion of the* JOURNALIST Hiſtorical TRACTS.

THE uſual Complements of Salutati on being over, *Pomponius* aſked *Sa mar*, what Book he had under his Arm 'Tis a *Journal* of *Trevou'e*, replied *Samar* May I know, Sir, ſaid *Piſo*, what Subje it treats of? 'Tis, Sir, returned *Samar*, a *Critical Abridgement* of ſome Books which are to come out in the Year 5700, or 5800 and odd. That Time, ſaid *Celer*, will be exceſſively productive of *New-Writings* for I have obſerved, that the greateſt Part of the Books I have met with in your Library,

Library, are to appear in those Centuries. You are in the Right, answered *Samar*: But notwithstanding those will be very learned Times, it will not be permitted to write without a great deal of Precaution. There will be Men of Letters who will be the *Terror* of *Scribblers*. For Example, The Book I have here, is an excellent Performance: The *Design* of it, is perfectly well-contrived. In all the most civilized and best governed States, there will be found Persons of Merit and Learning, well versed in every Science, who will establish a *Tribunal* of *Literature*, where, in the Ballance of Wisdom and good Sense, they will weigh all the *New Books* that appear. This I have in my Hand will be written by *Remonituen Ichtyophage* a black Man, and a Person of Birth, Learning, and Wit, well-read, polite, honest, and judicious, who, for a long Series of Years, is to supply *Apollo*'s Place in the Kingdom of *Langes*, and shall distribute to *Authors* the Prizes of Honour and Reputation, according as they shall have good or bad Success in their Performances. During the first Years, he will write only for the Learned. His Work will be a *choice Collection* of all that is valuable in Mathematicks, History, the Liberal Arts and Sciences: But, towards the latter Part of his Life, upon reflecting what Advantages the

Publick might reap from his curious and learned Studies, in case he descended so low as to treat of Matters of universal Concern, he will fall into *Controversies*, which for that Time, will render problematical most of the Articles of the reigning Religion. Then will that learned Man, throwing aside the dry Study of the Mathematicks, and of all that might deserve the Attention of Men of Wit and Sense, cut his way with full Sails, before the Wind in the tempestuous Sea of *School-Divinity*. A *Roman* PONTIFF shall issue out a *Bull*, which will divide the Votes and Sentiments of all. The *Journalist*, not being ignorant that when Disputes begin to grow warm, it is more eligible to espouse one Party than to remain neuter, shall openly declare for the *Pontiff*, and amass in his Papers whatever favours the *Roman Cause*. True it is, the knowing Part of the World will murmur at his so doing: Nay, some will go so far in their depraved Taste as not to read his Papers, purely on that Account; but in Recompence, the Ladies of his Party will take a Pleasure in perusing them, and will do him all the Justice he deserves.

Nor will he be the only *Journalist* of his Time: There will be more at *Paris*, in *Holland*, *England*, *Leipsick*, and other Places, whose Criticisms and Encomiums will

will be equally desired or dreaded by *Authors*. Notwithstanding the Merit of a Writer, does not depend on their Judgement, it will, however, carry with it a great Weight in the Republick of Literature. Some Books there will be, that will run even to a *fifth* Edition, which, were it not for them, might have e'en remained in the Bookseller's Shop to help fill up his Shelves. As for Example, nothing more execrable can be seen than the *Poem* of MAGDALEN (vulgarly called) of St. *Baume*. An uninterrupted Irregularity will run throughout the whole Work, which will be carried on in Defiance to all Method and good Sense; and will be a *Poem* in which will be neither Rhime nor Reason: Nay, there will not be so much as one Man of Parts, who, in perusing it, will not conclude, that it was written directly contrary to all the Rules of Poesy and common Sense, merely and purposely to divert the Reader. It would incline one to think, that some impious, infamous Scoundrel was ridiculing the Gods and all Religion: And yet it means nothing less than all that. This Poem will be composed in cool Blood, by an *Ichtyophagian*, of a brown Complexion, a Person of the austerest and most mortified Conversation; and he will write it, out of pure Zeal and Devotion, for the Edification of the Publick: And with all those

good Intentions, it is my Opinion, that it would never come to a *second* Edition without the Assistance of the *Journalists*. They will make thereon the pleasantest *Analyses* imaginable: They will issue out some Copies of Verses in *Laudem Authoris*, which will be exposed in all their ridiculous Colours. In a Word, the World will have a Curiosity to see a *Book*, whereon they shall have exercised their good-humoured Talent; and its Author will be indebted to them for whatever Satisfaction his Performance may afford to Readers of Parts and Judgement.

As a Parallel to this Management of Authors by *Cabal*, may be mentioned that late Jobb of Journey-Work, the Translation of *Homer*'s ODYSSEY, *Undertaken* by Mr. POPE: Or, his mutilated Edition of the Works of the immortal *Shakespeare*, wherein indeed, he frankly owns—*He has only performed the Duty of a* dull Editor. *See*, his Preface. For *both* those wretched Performances, a large Subscription has been carried on, purely through the sycophantick Meanness of the *Undertaker*, who crawls under the *Toilet* of every *Court-Lady*; and, with venal Praises, flatters every brocaded *Fop* of *Distinction*. Forgetting the Equity of that Maxim —*Nobilitas sola atque unica Virtus*. If among the *Journalists* any shall be found, whose Religion or particular Interests

terests can counter-ballance their Reason, the Majority will always do them Justice: And the Age they live in will not only be indebted to them for their learned Reflections, but I likewise fancy they will purge it from bad Authors.

What do you mean, pray Sir, said *Priscus*, by *bad Authors?* I can't tell whether or no we both agree in our Ideas of that Expression. As for my Part, I take a *bad Author* to be a Man who writes without any *Meaning* or *Design*, merely for *Writing's Sake*. Such a one is the *black Ichtyophagian* who is to publish the Works of *Gregory* the Great, which you have *deliniated to us in* such disagreeable Colours. I farther understand, by a *bad Author*, a Man who proves nothing of what he advances, and who skips from Topick to Topick in a Work which ought to be serious and solid; or who, in a whimsical, trifling Performance, merely to divert his own Fancy, most superstitiously confines himself to the nicest and most exact Rules of Grammar. For my Part, in Works of this Nature, I am for a sprightly Vivacity, an ingenious Disorder, and a studied, well-contrived Mixture: That Way runs my Taste. I love the Severe and the Brilliant, with here and there a Digression, either satirecially Unlucky, or else very smart and witty; or even sometimes a Paragraph,

or so, that is low and languishing, provided they are not so very poorly low as to creep, and are introduced as Foils to give a Lustre to other Places, where the Author makes appear the Force and Energy of his Genius: This I don't take to be a Fault. Neither will I give the Name of a *bad Author* to a Writer who treats of a Subject I don't like. I am no *Epicurean*; but when any one shall take it into his Head to write the Maxims of his Sect, provided he makes use of sound and just Arguments, as far as the Matter will allow of, and transgresses neither against the Rules of *good Sense*, nor the Light of *Reason*, I shall look on him as a Man of Parts, notwithstanding I am not at all of his Opinion. We, replied *Samar*, are of very near the self same Sentiment. However, I look for something else in a Performance besides *Reason* and *good Sense*: A Delicacy of Thought, an Elegance in the Turn of a Phrase, a Choice of Words, are Things which ought not to be neglected, and which alone are many Times capable of keeping up the Reputation of a Book. TELEMACHUS, a Romance, which is to come out in *Remonitnen's* Days, will be the Work of the Druid *of Cambray*, and in Effect his being the *Author* will be its sole Merit: This Piece will utterly deviate from the Truth of History, running astray

ſtray from *Homer*; and in one Word, its nly Foundation will be the chimerical xtravagant Ideas of that *Prelate*'s own rain: Yet the Fable will be well conucted. With Applauſe will the Author iſplay his Talent for Romance, and Peole will fancy they ſee in it the Pictures f ſeveral Courtiers repreſented to the ife. It needs no more to bring it into ogue. All the Druid *of Cambray*'s other Works, will, in Proceſs of Time, be buried n eternal Oblivion. His *Telemachus* alone vill render his Name immortal; and the dmirers of fictitious Pieces will wiſh that he *Prelate* had never taken Pen in Hand o write any Thing but *Romances*. In this very Century it will fall out, that two *Ichyophagians*, both black Men, ſhall write t the ſame Time upon one and the ſame ubject: The one will talk no Senſe at ll; and the other will play the Part of Mute; upon which a certain notorious Critick will ſay, That when one had aught the other to ſpeak, he ſhould have earned Senſe of his Pupil.

I can ſcarce believe, ſaid *Celer*, that here are any Men in the World who write n *ſpite* of *Reaſon* and *good Senſe*. Nothing is more *common*, replied *Sawar*; and on the contrary there is nothing more *difficult* to be met with than *Books* of *Merit*. *Authors*, ſaid *Priſcus*, are not the only Peo-

ple

ple who transgress against *Reason*. Persons of the highest Rank and Distinction have their *Blind-sides*, that is to say, some Defect in their Intellectuals; which convinces me that this is a natural Imperfection incident to the *human Species*. I have formerly read, in I don't know what History, where, by choice authentick Facts the Author convicts all Mankind in general, even those of the most eminent Dignity, of Imprudence and Indiscretion, not to say of downright Folly. Here are some Instances which I still retain in my Memory.

Cilopang, a Druid of the first Rank, and of a graceful Personage, well made, of bright Genius, an able Statesman, a compleat and most accomplished Politician, after having given several Instances of his Sufficiency and Capacity, was intrusted by his Sovereign with a Commission to repair to the *Court* of the King of the *Sarmates*, in order to adjust some Matters in which both Crowns were equally interested. Our Druid made a most glaring Figure at that Court: His brilliant Sprightliness was universally admired; and his graceful Mein, his Shape and Air, gained him the esteem of every *Toast*. Many aspired at the Glory of making him drag their Chains; but none succeeded so well as the haughty Queen. He, for a while, defended himself

elf against her Charms; but was at length orced to surrender. That Princess, triumphing in her Conquest, used him like Slave; and if a favourable Glance ow and then darted from her Eye, she nstantly disowned it with her Tongue. leave you to judge how his Master's Business went on while he was thus amusing imself with paying his Adorations to the Queen. To make short of the Story, it ll came to nothing: His Soveraign was obiged to recall him, and the only Product t his splendid Embassy was the Confusion e must needs be in at his having suffered n important Negociation to miscarry under his Hand, without ever obtaining from he Object of his Love the least Favour, y way of Consolation.

Salliru, General of the *Gaulish* Army, a Man well versed in State-Affairs, equally xpert in the Management both of the Pen nd Sword, was employed by his Prince to onclude a Treaty with the People inhaiting the *Adriatick* Coasts His Commission was a Secret; and he discharged it ather faithfully than prudently. Soon after his Soveraign deceased; and the Prince who succeeded him, having engaged all his Allies to communicate to him whatever Treaties had been made with them by his Predecessors; this I was mentioning, among the Rest, came to his Hand. The

new

new King was exceedingly surprized to find by the Treaty, that a Scheme had been laid to deprive him of the Crown, and that the General of his Army had treated of those Matters, not only with the Inhabitants of those Countries which are washed by the *Adriatick*, but had, likewise, engaged in the League the *Iberians*, *Allobroges*, and divers other Nations. *Sallinu* being sent for, the Treaties were put into his Hands. That General owned the Fact, alledging that he had only executed the late King's Orders, the Originals whereof he produced; without which he had lost his Head. Some Time after, retiring from the Court, he escaped the new King's Vengeance and Resentment: But through his Wife's Means, he, by Degrees, made a shift to get into Favour.

Among the Druids of the same Realm, *Cleotis*, the Son of a Father whose Brains were none of the clearest, had the Misfortune to be disinherited. He sought in the Priesthood to recompence himself for the Fortune his Father's Folly and ill Management had deprived him of. He got to be one of the principal Druids of the Nation. By Labour and Application he acquired an eloquent Manner of Delivery, which indeed distinguished him, though it did not presently advance him among the first rate Orators. *Pneuma*, High Priest of the Temple

ble of *Simon*, died, and the chief Druids all made what Interest they were able for that eminent Post. The King, who was to nominate the Successor, was warmly sollicited by the Grandees of the Court. His own Nephew asked it of his Majesty for the Druid *Menelas*, to whom one of his Favourites owed his Education, and who was one of the best Orators of his Time. The King, without regarding any of those Recommendations, consulted his *Moula*, and by his Advice, nam'd *Cleotis*. An Officer of the Royal Guards was sent to carry him the News. *Cleotis*, who never aspired to such high Fortune, surprized at the Appearance of an Officer of the King's Guards, and unacquainted with his Business, imagined he was come to apprehend him. He was for securing himself by Flight; but, without allowing him Time, the Messenger informs him of the Grace his Majesty had done him. At first he fancies himself imposed on: At length he gives Way, and is made High Priest. The Grandees found Fault with it; but the King silenced them. *Cleotis* had it whispered in his Ear, that, next to the King's Bounty, he owed his Advancement to nothing but his own Eloquence. There wanted no more to persuade him of his being the finest Orator of the Age. He soon had a solemn Occasion of speaking in publick, and had

the

the Folly to expose himself, tho' he kne that the King's Nephew, who had sollicit for another, was to preside there. He p on an impudent Face: But scarce had h uttered a few Periods, when forgetting h Harangue, he was shamefully forced to obe the Prince's Orders, who commanded hi down from the Bench.

One should never have done, said *Fis* were one obliged to reckon up all the Fo lies of Mankind. It is a very spacio Field, replied *Egnatius*: There are few i the World, who, in that Particular, can produce some Instance of their own. like that, said *Pomponius*, when one do Justice. What think you of it, Mr. *Libra rian*? I am not well enough versed i it, returned *Samar*, to be able to pas Judgement; but I have one Favour to be of you: I don't believe you design to re imbark this Year for *Messala*. In case you are disposed to tarry here for a Month, or so, I shall, after that Time, be very willing to accompany you thither, not only to have an Opportunity of seeing what Rarities that Place affords, but shall be likewise extreamly glad if you will permit me to follow you all the Voyage. I'll willingly bid adieu to the *Moon* to bear you Company. They have perhaps never seen any of our Country Folks at *Rome*. The Ladies, it may be, will take no less

Pleasure

Pleasure in looking at Me, than I shall in paying my Respects to Them. The whole Company gladly accepted these Offers, it being a great Satisfaction to them that he would make one among them. There was none but *Piso* who disliked what he had said about the Ladies. He recollected himself that he had spoke to him concerning their History, and desired that he might see it, in order to consult it upon that Article. But *Samar*, with so good a Grace, begged to be excused, promising never in the least to interfere, that he also consented that he should be of the Company. After this they all intreated *Samar*, that, if it suited his Conveniency, he would carry them the next Day to the Castle of *Lateres*, where he had told them that the *Order* of the *Pavilion* had been instituted. *Samar* promised to shew them all the Beauties of that Palace. Taking Leave of him, they passed the Remainder of the Day in viewing the Publick Buildings at *Snellius*.

CHAP. XXIV.

The HISTORY *of* Prince RELOSAN.

THE Day following, they went to *Samar*'s House, in order to be conducted by him to view the Castle. In the Way, *Priscus* told him, That he liked to hear People speak well of others; that he had drawn so advantagious a Picture of Prince *Relosan*, that he had a Curiosity to be let into his History. You can't, said *Samar*, make me a more agreeable Proposal. I love to talk of Great Men, and shall with Pleasure give a short Account of that Prince's Life.

He was Grandson to King *Silvo*; a Prince surnamed the *Just*, on Account of his Regard to Right and Equity. *Relosan*, even in his juvenile Years, gave Instances of a Genius lively, active, penetrating, and easy, with evident Demonstrations of all those Virtues, which were seen to shine out with Lustre, when the Management of the Publick Affairs came into his own Hands. Love was his only Failing; if that

that can be called one: For it must be confessed, that this Passion has something in it so sweet, and so very natural, that, to love, one needs not be an *Epicurean*; it suffices to be a Man. *Relosan* began to love from the Moment he began to know himself; and his first Inclinations brought him into several Disgraces with his Governours. His Fortune was in some Measure like *Piso*'s: But he knew so well how to gain their Friendship, that one of those who had the Care of his Education became the Manager of his most private Pleasures. Notwithstanding he was a Prince of the Blood, handsome and well-made, he had still the Misfortune to meet with some young Nymphs, haughty enough to slight his Addresses. One of the Princess his Mother's Retinue had a Share of Charms sufficient to touch his Heart. Meeting her one Day at the Top of a Stair-Case, he went about to make her some sensible Tenders of his Affection: But the Damsel, in a Circumstance of so delicate a Nature, forgetting herself, visited his Cheek with her Hand, in so unpolite a Manner, that she tumbled him from the Top of the Stairs to the Bottom, where he had like to have broke his Neck. The Adventure became publick, and made a great Noise. The Princess commended the young Gentlewoman for what she had done, and very much blamed

her Son. But *Relosan*, who by a little Experience had learned, that every Damsel was not of the Humour of her who had made him take such dangerous Leaps down Stairs, sought his Fortune elsewhere. He found an Infinity of blooming Beauties ready to flock to do him Homage. A young Actress, beautiful as *Venus* herself, had the Honour of making him carry her Chains. His Tutors, attentive to all his Proceedings, were quite scandalized at so misplaced an Inclination. The Prince his Father was enraged at it, and it was resolved at Court to make the Actress play a Part which is never *acted* twice. She wanted very little of paying dear for the Prince's Folly, at a Ball where she appeared disguised like a Page: But the Gods were pleased to permit a young Lady, no less noble than beautiful, to snatch the Conquest out of our Actress's Hands. *Relosan* soon beheld the Fruits of that new Engagement; and easily knew his own Blood in the noble Inclinations, which shone out in the young Peers who were indebted to him for their Births. To fix his Passions, the King his Uncle made him a Proposal of Marriage, offering him his own Daughter. What did I say! A Princess worthy a Throne, were one to regard only her Virtue and Merits, but who had the Misfortune of being the Product of an Inclination of the King's

which

which was none of the most regular. The Princess, *Relosan*'s Mother, who highly disliked this Alliance, opposed it with all her Might. This coming to his Majesty's Ear, he placed Spies about her, even in her very Closet, in order to dive into what Projects she designed to set on Foot to avoid this detested Union. *Caius* was one of those he employed in that Affair to the best Advantage: Besides his spying exactly well all that passed in the Princess's Palace, and giving a faithful Account of every Transaction to the King his Master, he persuaded the Prince himself, in whose good Graces he had no small Share, to espouse his Kinswoman, the King's Daughter. *Relosan*'s Mother, amazed to find that his Majesty was informed of all that was transacted in her House, after having suspected several Persons, found out at last the whole Intrigue of the artful *Caius*. With the utmost Indignation she discarded him from her Service; and to brand him with everlasting Infamy for his Perfidy, she gave him the opprobrious Surname of *Garrulus*; which occasioned his being ever after called by no other Name but that of *Caius Garrulus*. But all the Endeavours of the Princess proved abortive. The King knew so well how to work upon Prince *Relosan*, that he prevailed with him to consent to the so-much

desired Marriage. Judge how great was the Fury of the Princess his Mother, when she heard that unwelcome News. It was some Time before her Son durst appear in her Presence; nor had he at last any other Excuse to make, but that he had been forced to comply with the King's absolute Command. Several Daughters were the Fruits of these Nuptials; but a Son succeeding them, the irritated Princess, quitting her Intractability, was reconciled to her Daughter-in-Law, and with Pleasure took in her Arms the young Prince she had brought into the World.

Imagine not, that Prince *Relofan*'s Thoughts were so intirely taken up with Love that he minded nothing else: No; that was what employed the least Part of his Time. When Honour was to be gained in the Field of *Mars*, one would have thought he had actually sprung up from some of the Teeth of that Dragon which was slain by *Cadmus*, so much did War seem to be his Element. He has been seen a Million of Times, hurried on by a too temerarious Generosity, profusely to spill his Blood so precious to the State! He was beheld learning the Art of War with the Docility of a Soldier, accompanied with the Courage both of a Prince and a Heroe. He confronted Dangers; he braved perilous Obstacles with an Intrepidity which caused

Terrour

Terrour in the most adventurous, and sometimes cost the State Rivers of Blood; since the whole Body of the Nobility, animated by his great Example, crouded with Emulation to gather Laurels. There was not a bold Warriour in the whole who esteemed it not a Point of Honour, when any Danger was nigh, to use his Weapon, and expose his Person in the Prince's Defence. When, in Time of War, he was not suffered to appear in the Field, he reposed himself in his Palace with as much Sedateness and Tranquillity, as if the Crown to which he might rightfully aspire, was no wise concerned in the Battles that were fighting. Those who were not thoroughly acquainted with the Activity of his Genius, made divers groundless Conjectures concerning his Occupations: Some said he employed his Time in search of the *Philosopher's Stone*; and that the only Use he made of his Wealth, and penetrating Capacity, was the Exhausting both, in attempting to make himself Master of the Art of creating *Sol*. Others fancied that he studied the most *Occult Secrets* of Nature; and that he thirsted after the Knowledge of the hidden Causes of a thousand unaccountable Events which daily happen in the World. They who did him Justice were convinced, that his leisure Moments were solely employed in improving his

Talent,

Talent, and in perfecting himſelf in the Art of ſwaying a Sceptre. He was an Admirer of Painting, and excelled in it himſelf. He engraved with a ſurprizing Delicacy; and the World ſaw iſſue out of his Hands a new Compoſition which ſurpaſſed in Luſtre Rubies, or all other precious Stones: But the only Time he allotted for ſuch Amuſements was when there was a Neceſſity for him to recreate and refreſh his Spirits. When called to the Council-Board, he there diſplayed ſo prodigious an Extent of Genius, and ſo conſummate a Prudence, that the King his Uncle conceived a Jealouſy of his uncommon Merit; and in Recompence for his Services and Counſel made him no other Return than a cold Indifference: So true it is, that diſtinguiſhing Merit is a Crime which is never deemed pardonable. Prince *Relaſum*, notwithſtanding he was far from being inſenſible to the Coldneſs the King ſhewed him, never once failed in his due Reſpect. If he ſometimes aſſumed a Liberty of Speech, it was always for the Publick Good. He, as well as Two other Princes, with whom he had contracted a ſtrict Friendſhip, were termed *Oppoſers*, by reaſon that, not being able to reconcile themſelves to approve of all the falſe Steps taken by the Generals of the Royal Armies, by the Authority their Birth gave them,

em, they cashiered them. The King, ho had Intelligence of most of the *private nferences* held by the Prince his Nephew, as willing to make Tryal whether his Sen- ments proceeded from real Knowledge and xperience, or were only the Effects of a arm and turbulent Imagination. He one ay consulted him about the Incampment the Army. The Prince shewed him the efects, and foretold, that, if it continued that Situation, it must infallibly be eaten. It happened as he had said; and e King was thereby, though somewhat te, fully convinced of his Nephew's Ca- acity.

That Monarch then gave him the Com- and of his Forces, thereby committing e Fortune of the State into his Hands: ut some Persons, whose Credit was too eat, and whose Intentions towards Prince *elosan* were none of the best, did their most to ruin him, and went near effect- g it. The Army was no longer under is Protection; fresh Orders from Court, y which he was to regulate his minutest teps, flocking in, one at the Heels of nother, almost every Moment. His own ieutenant-Generals were the foremost to etray him; and he had the Mortification f finding himself most inhumanly led to e Sacrifice. Nothing but his own innate esolution, and the Courage of a few of his

his Creatures, could have extricated hi from the Perils into which he had bee treacherously decoyed. But this Accide was so far from blemishing his Reputatio that it highly increased the People's Lo and Esteem for him, when it was know to whom he owed his Miscarriage; ins much that, recovering himself, he appear with a brigher Lustre than ever, carri his Arms into *Jerbia*, where new Laure sprouted under his Feet at every advan he made. On this Occasion he gave m shining Instances of his Intrepidity, Co duct, and Greatness of Soul. Envy, whic never fails to attack illustrious Character having no Handle whereby to impea either his Courage or his Conduct, spre abroad a Rumour of an imaginary Amo he was engaged in with the Queen of th Country: But upon his quitting it as so as he had acted to the full Extent of h Commission, he made it evident to th Eye of the World, that he had nothing i *Jerbia* prevalent enough to detain hi Thus adorned with Laurel and Trophie he returned to Court where his Unele Children and Grand-Children being une pectedly taken off by Death, some wer not wanting to tax him with having poi soned them, since a Crown, they said, wa worth seeking for, even by the basest Me thods. This Calumny the more affecte

him

m becauſe the King ſeemed to give Ear it: But the Gods vouchſafed to grant m a notable Opportunity of ſtifling thoſe andalous Rumours.

Megas dying ſoon after, left, as Heir to s Empire, a Great-Grandſon of his, of ut five Years of Age, of whom *Reloſan* ok ſuch Care, that he reigned ſeveral ears in a perfect State of Health. Was not is the ſame PRINCE, ſaid *Piſo*, who ſtituted the *Order* of the *Pavilion*; and ho was likewiſe under *Reloſan*'s Tutege? Yes, replied *Samar*; but theſe Parculars muſt be deduced a little higher.

The old Monarch, ſenſible of his Nehew's Capacity, and of the Affection the eople bore him, and who had too eaſily ent an Ear to thoſe who were ſo inſolent s to repreſent to him his having aſpired o the Crown, and poiſoned the *Royal Faily*, wholly gave into the ungenerous Impreſſions which he had conceived againſt is Nephew. Some Months before his Deeaſe, he made his Will, in which Prince *Reloſan* was, indeed, left *Regent*, but, as *Cojutors* in the Management of Affairs, he ppointed alſo ſeveral Grandees, without hoſe Approbation he was not to conclude ny Thing. More than that, he excluded im from the Guardianſhip of the young *King* his Great Grandſon, and committed hat Charge to the Care of one of his own

Natural

Natural Sons. In a Word, he tied up h Nephew's Hands in such a Manner, th he could only enjoy the bare *Title* *Regent* of the Empire, while those Lo had the sole Government, and anoth Prince was Master of the young Kin Person; all which gave him too sensi and too injurious Assurances of the lit Confidence the Court reposed in him: B by his uncommon Prudence, he fou Means to obtain the sole Dominion, wit out occasioning any Commotions in th State.

CHAP. XXV.

Duc d'Orleans

* *Prince* RELOSAN'S HISTORY *continued.* *A* Royal BANK.

IMmediately on the Death of *Mega* continued *Samar*, Prince *Relosan* a sembled all the Grandees of the Realm together with the Senate, to whose Custody the late King's Will had been committed. To prevent all Interruption, he took Care

* *See*, The *Chronicle* of SOTERMELEC, at the End of this Work.

to

place round the Palace where they met Body of armed Troops; by which Means l People were kept in due Respect. He id to the Assembly, That notwithstand-g, during the King's Minority, the Re-ency apparently belonged to him, by his irth-right, yet he was very willing to mmunicate to them all his deceased ncle's *Codicil*, whereby he was declared overnour of the Empire. The Codicil as read, and, after that, the new *Will*, which last the Prince made some Re-ctions. He intimated to them the In-nveniencies which might arise from the nall Authority given him. He declared, at his Rank and Birth allowed him more, nd demanded of the Assembly, Whether ey acknowledged him for the soveraign dministrator of Affairs, or not? The otes were in his Favour. Having thus tained the principal Point he wished for, for that Time dismissed them. In the xt following Meetings, he assumed to t as Soveraign, and caused the *Will* of *legas* to be abrogated, and himself to be clared Guardian to the young King, com-itting the Super-intendancy of his Edu-tion to the same Nobleman whom the te King had appointed his Tutor. He sposed of the Management of publick ffairs after a Manner that gave universal tisfaction, distributing the best Employs

among the Nobility, which Procedure was the more agreeable to them, by reason that during the Reign of *Megas* they had no Manner of Share in the Government: And by dividing the States into divers Chambers and Offices, he found the Secret of busying the Grandees, who, had they remained unemployed, might have been at Leisure to have caused him some Disturbance.

With these first Steps of Prince *Relosan*, both the Senate and the Nobility looked on his Conduct to be very good, and approved of it: But the Philosophers, who in those Days, in Matters of Religion, did not agree a whit better than they do now, found him so much Work, to make up their Differences, that they kept him close to it during his whole Regency. At first he declared openly enough for the *Stoicks*, which highly offended the *Epicureans*, who had the Staff in their Hands under the preceeding Reign. Tho' the Populace, who are Lovers of Novelty, espoused neither Party, leaving the Philosophers to make up their Disputes by themselves, yet they were not at all sorry to see the *Epicureans* humbled, who, for having abused the Credit they had acquired, seemed to have deserved being sacrificed to the publick Hatred and Resentment. Be all that as it will; Prince *Relosan*, who had incensed

them

them, was not long without feeling the Effects of their Intrigues. In *Jerbia* there reigned a Prince who favoured them, and who by Birth had more Right to the Crown of *Langes* than Prince *Relosan*: But the first of those Princes, upon his taking Possession of the Crown of *Jerbia*, had in Form renounced all his Pretensions. Prince *Relosan*, who had all along a private Pique against him, treated him less like a near Kinsman, than like a Prince who owed all to the Crown of *Langes*. In the Alliances he made with the neighbouring Princes, he contracted for the King of *Jerbia*, against his Knowledge, or indeed rather whether he would or no, and would needs compel him, by Force of Arms, to submit to the Treaties he had concluded, and to put an End to the War which he was carrying on against his *Father-in-Law*. The King of *Jerbia*'s Prime-Minister, who was a Person of the first Rank, and one of the most consummate Politicians of his Time, counselled his Master not to regard Prince *Relosan*, but rather to shew him Contempt, who thereupon led an Army into *Jerbia*, where he had some Success, and did so much, that he prevailed with the King to dismiss his Minister. After that he obtained of him all whatever he desired. You know, that a Lion is very tractable when once his Teeth are filed down, and his Claws pared

away. I will hereafter give you a more ample and particular Account of the Motives, the Events, and the Consequences of that War; but it was requisite that you should have a slight Idea of it before I acquainted you with the Method Prince *Relosan* took with the *Finances*.

While he was busied in that War, he undertook to acquit the Debts of the Empire, which was no easy Matter to effect, because the People, who no otherwise than much against their Inclinations, contributed towards a War which was carrying on against a Prince they loved, were not in a Humour to endure any new Imposts; and by so much the less as they were already over-loaded with old Ones, which had been continued upon them as well in Times of Peace as of War. A new Method was found out by the Regency to engage the People to bring in their Money with their own Hands, and to lodge it in his own Treasury. To shew the Subjects that he stood in no Need of their Subsidies, he discharged them of all Arrears of the Land-Tax, and of some other Taxes, which could turn to the Advantage of only the Farmers of the Royal Revenue. After this, he set up a *Bank-Royal*, of the System whereof I shall not give you an Account, by reason that it was never yet known to any but to him alone who was the

the *Director* of it. I ſhall only tell you as much of it as appeared in View.

The Prince Regent eſtabliſhed a *Company* of *Merchants*, whom he ſavoured and protected to the very utmoſt of his Power. Theſe *Merchants* were to trade by Sea into all Countries in the World. More than that, they were made Proprietors of a Region of their own, very remote from their Home, wholly waſte and unmanured; but which they were to cultivate as ſoon as they ſhould have cleared the Soil, and made it fit. This was not to be effected without vaſt Expences. It was propoſed to the Publick to lend their Money to this *Company*, who were to pay the Intereſt.

Propoſals were likewiſe made for diſtributing *Things* called ACTIONS, of a certain Value; and in order to render the Project ſtill more alluring, ſuch as had purchaſed *fifty* of theſe *Actions*, were admitted into the *Secret* of the *Company*'s Affairs: But as the *Actions* were at a Rate too high for every Adventurer's Pocket, they made *Bank-Notes*, Value ten, a hundred, five hundred, or a thouſand *Livres*, for the Uſe and Conveniency of the Parties concerned. As theſe *Notes*, or *Bills*, had not any intrinſick Value of themſelves, the Prince *Regent* gave them an extrinſick One, ordained, that they ſhould be received as Money in all Trade, and promiſed

that their Value ſhould be always fixed, and that they ſhould never either *riſe* or *fall*. As for the *current Coin*, the Publick was extreamly fatigued at the various Prices it bore, *riſing* or *falling* according as the Prince's Coffers were full or empty, which never failed of cauſing a Confuſion and Diſorder in every Kind of Commerce: So that the People were overjoyed to find a Method which put a Stop to all thoſe *Riſings* and *Fallings* of the Money. The PRINCE, to convince the Publick of the Sincerity of his Intentions, gave the *Company* Permiſſion to take one twentieth Part Profit upon their *Notes* and *Bills*; upon which People to reap the Benefit of that Advantage, flocked in with their *Money* to the BANK, and in Lieu thereof received *Paper*.

One might have thought this Scheme would have met with Succeſs, being, as it was, ſupported by the REGENT's whole Authority, had the Publick put their Confidence thereon: But after the People had ſpent their firſt Fire, and had begun to conſider, that the Perſon who had it in his Power to ſet a Value on *Paper*, might likewiſe take it away at his own Pleaſure, they ſought how to *realize* thoſe *Bills*. Some bought Eſtates, for which they payed double the Value in *Bank Notes*. Others through the Means of thoſe *Notes*, got themſelves

hemſelves again in Poſſeſſion of their own which they had alienated. Many, by the ame Means payed off, or diminiſhed their ebts. Such as could not get rid of them y any of thoſe Methods, bought up prodigious Quantities of all Sorts of Merhandize for much more than they were orth, without being apprehenſive of loing any Thing by their Bargain; ſince aving gained on the *Actions* of the *Bank* nore than a hundred Times what they rſt put in, they were certain of being ery conſiderable Gainers, even provided hey were to loſe half in half upon the ommodities they had purchaſed: Nay, everal Grandees of the Court were known hus to *realize* their *Paper-Wealth*, as in the equel I ſhall have Occaſion to obſerve.

The whole Realm was by this Time almoſt filled with *Paper*, and the far greater art of the Gold and Silver in the Nation as lodged in the *Bank*, that is to ſay, in he *Regent*'s Hands; when two Miniſters f State, who governed under his Authoity, jealous of the extraordinary Succeſs hich the *Director* of the *Finances* had met n his Scheme, vowed his Ruin. It was o eaſy Matter for them to deſtroy his Inereſt with the *Regent*, becauſe that Prince ad Occaſion for Money, and the *Director* rought all the Wealth of the Nation into is Coffers: They therefore reſolved to make

make him lose his Credit with the Publick. As there are always in States some contemplative Spirits, who employ their Time in canvassing and criticising on the Government, several Persons were found who loudly and boldly exclaimed against the *Bank*, and its Proceedings, and more particularly the Merchants, who found their whole Commerce in a fair Way of being destroyed. 'Tis true, the *Bank* supplied them with Money, of a new Species, for their most pressing Necessities; but it was in such trifling Sums, and even that Supply was of so short a Continuance, that not being in a Capacity to carry on any Trade, many of them were reduced to shut up their Shops: Even some of the Merchants of the *Company* itself, who, not without Chagrin and Regret, perceived that the *Actioneers* made a *Body* of the *Bank*, feigned themselves Sufferers in the publick Calamities. Those whose whole Substance and Dependance consisted in settled Rents, finding themselves payed only in *Paper*, were starving with their *Bank-Notes* in their Pockets, which not only lay dead, and could not produce any Thing, but even would not be received in Payment of the Traders without a considerable Discompt.

The above-mentioned State-Ministers took care to acquaint the Prince *Regent* with

with all these Grievances and Complaints; nor did they fail to inlarge them. They made Proposals to him, that he should endeavour to appease and satisfy the People, who demanded an intire Abrogation of the *Bank-Notes*; intimating at the same Time, that it was not a Thing to be done all at once, but might be brought about with Time, if they were made to fall by little and little. To this the *Regent* gave his Consent, and presently came out an Arret, by which the *Notes* were diminished in there Value one tenth. The People were strangely surprized at an Event so little expected. Those whose whole Fortunes consisted in *Paper*, perceiving a Beginning of the Diminution, made a most terrible Uproar. A general Commotion ensues. The *Regent*'s Palace is surrounded by a seditious Multitude. The Assistance of one of the most powerful Court-Lords is implored. The *Director* of the *Finances* is roughly handled; and a universal Outcry of *Robbers*, *Cheats*, and *Impostors* loudly deafens the Ear. No more Money enters the *Bank*, since its *Bills* are subject to Diminution. People had still rather see the Money diminish in their Chests, than to have the *Paper* do so, and good Reason why: The *Paper* in it self was not of any Value at all; and as for the Money, tho' it did fall, it still retained intrinsick

Value

Value enough to revenge them on the Capriciousness of a State-Minister: Besides it now ran very high; and it was probable enough that it would rise higher in Proportion as the *Paper* sunk. The *Prince* astonished at the People's Motions, and still more touched at the Discredit the Falling of the *Bank-Notes* had brought with it, revenged himself on those Ministers who had given him such ill Counsel, by banishing one from the Court and his Employ, and treating the other very scurvily with his own Hands. To make amends and repair the Mischief, he has Recourse to the *Director* of the *Finances*: But there was no longer any Confidence to be hoped for; and the *Stock-Jobbing* meets the Fortune of its Partisans who insensibly fall to Pieces. To facilitate Commerce, *Accounts in Bank*, and *transferring* of *Debts* are invented. A considerable Sum is raised on a Publick Fund; but the Bills had lost all Credit. The *Bank* evaporated in Smoak. The *Company* alone held up its Head a little, supported by the Hopes they reposed in their Trading Ships. The *Regent* at last abolished the *Bank-Notes* for ever; by which the whole Nation became intirely drained; since upon the *King*'s retaining in his own Hands all the Money which had been deposited in the *Bank*, it had been either sent away

into

into foreign Countries to pay off the National Debts, or employed to other Uſes, or elſe upon Motives, into which the Publick were not ſuffered to penetrate, prevented its Circulation in the Kingdom, whereby Trade was reduced to a very low Ebb. But Prince *Reloſan* had his Reaſons for proceeding after that Manner. This politick Prince perfectly well knew, that Money was the moſt powerful Agent he could poſſibly ſet to work in Circumſtances of ſo delicate a Nature as thoſe in which he found himſelf involved. He was juſt at the Point of ſeeing ſtrange Revolutions in the State in caſe the young King chanced to die. He was not diſpleaſed at clipping the Wings of a mutinous and ſeditious People, who might perhaps be inclined to favour a Party oppoſite to his Intereſt: With that Conſideration, like a ſage Politician, he took his Meaſures from far. Taxing him with *Avarice* was doing wrong to his real Character: His Deſigns in that Procedure were never thoroughly dived into. On ſeveral Occaſions he gave ſignal Inſtances enough of his Diſintereſtedneſs not to be ſuſpected guilty of that Vice. In the Beginning of his *Regency*, he eſtabliſhed a *Chamber* of *Juſtice*, to examine into the Miſdemeanours of thoſe who had the Management of the *Finances* in the Reign of *Megas*. That Court recovered

into

into the Prince's Hands all the Money of which those villanous Collectors had plundered the People, and the generous *Regent* very far from making any Advantage of it, employed it to no other Use than in paying off the Troops and Officers, who for a considerable Time had not received the least Part of their Pay. More than that, one of his chief Officers, named *Datiffé*, having by his *Will* left him the Country of *Chilli*, the Revenue of which is twenty two thousand *Livres* ℔ *Annum*, he contented himself with that Nobleman's good Will, and would not meddle with an Inch of it, but relinquished the Whole, as it was, to the next Heirs of the Deceased.

CHAP. XXVI.

Prince RELOSAN'S HISTORY *concluded.*

DID not you tell us, said *Pomponius*, that Prince *Relosan* had mighty Bickerings with the Senate? Yes, replied *Samar*; and it is very true: But in order to give you a clearer Light into that Affair, it

it is requiſite we ſhould have Recourſe to the Beginning of his Adminiſtration.

Scarce was he ſeated on the Throne, when the *Epicureans*, whom he had diſgraced and turned out of all, entered into a ſecret Cabal againſt the Government. It was no ſmall Mortification to them, that they were excluded from the Management of the *publick Affairs*. A certain *Druid* of their Sect, much againſt his Inclination or Intent, found himſelf removed from the Court; which was in Reality his proper Element. He wanted not any one of the Qualifications of a compleat Courtier. He was crafty, dexterous, ſubtle, intriguing, bold, raſh, enterprizing, and of a moſt aſtoniſhing Hypocriſie. Before *Megas*, he behaved himſelf with a fawning, cringing Obſequiouſneſs, no leſs remarkable than was the haughty Stiffneſs he aſſumed to all who expected any Favour at his Hands. He was as it were the *God* of the *Druids*: To him were offered up all their Vows; nor had they any of the Soveraign's Benevolence but what came through his Means: But his Diſcernment was ſo little juſt, that he never obliged any but ingrateful Perſons, as he afterward ſeveral Times acknowledged. Prince *Reloſan* ſent him away, a hundred Miles from the Court, to retire from the Fatigues he had there undergone: But the intriguing Spirit of our *Druid* would not

 ſuffer

ſuffer him to be quiet even in that Receſs. He rouzed all thoſe of his Sect, and put them in Motion to revenge the Indignity he had received. He was the Occaſion of the noble *Jemanalſide*'s being for ſome Time in diſgrace with the *Regent*, for having communicated to him a Letter of his. More than that, one of the moſt audacious Perſonages of his Sect had both the Aſſurance and Temerity to get painted on a Piece of Canvas *three Gibbets*, under which ſtood a *Peacock* admiring his Tail: Nay, he had the Boldneſs to fix this infamous Picture on Prince *Reloſan*'s Palace-Gate, who expoſed it in a Gallery, offering a conſiderable Reward to any Perſon who would explain it. None durſt attempt the Unriddling of an Enigma ſo very odd and extraordinary. The Author of this ſatyrical Piece carried his Inſolence ſo far as to explain it himſelf, by diſperſing the following Verſes:

Hic faſtus, Reloſane, *tuos* Junonius *Ales*,
Spurcitiaſque tuas Crux tibi trina notat.
Quâ regnas arte agnovit Plebs atq; Senatus;
Hinc tibi, Princeps, Crux debita prima fuit.
Contemptos credas Divos, Reloſane, *ſecundâ*
Dignus eris; Merces tertia ſit ſcelerum.

Thus

Thus attempted in *Engliſh.*

In Juno's *Bird thy* Pride's Reſemblance *ſee*;
Thy brutal Acts *demand the* Triple-Tree;
Thy Art of Ruling, *well the* Senate *knew*,
And hence it is that the firſt *Tree's thy due*;
The next, *becauſe the* Gods *you* diſregard;
And your vile Life, *deſerves the* third *(Reward.*

A Prince of a vindictive Diſpoſition would certainly not have failed of ſeverely chaſtiſing the Preſumption of this Verſificator: But *Reloſan*, out of Greatneſs of Soul, ſuffered that inſolent Piece of Temerity to paſs by unpuniſhed. His Moderation was univerſally admired: And, for a While, the Tongue of Calumny ceaſed from abuſing a Prince who was inſenſible to Injuries and Affronts, and whoſe Conduct ſufficiently demonſtrated that he was wholly undeſerving of ſuch Treatment: But his Enemies ſought elſewhere for Employment wherewithal to exerciſe his Patience.

When he firſt came to the Regency, he ſought the Alliance of all the Potentates his Neighbours, and particularly that of

an Island Prince, whose maritime Power he dreaded. He dispatched away to that Island the Druid *Jasdob*, to treat with him. That Minister succeeded so happily in his Negociation, that he thereby intirely gained his Master's good Graces. Instead of losing Time about vain and needless Preliminaries, he had distributed such considerable Quantities of Gold among the chief Ministers and Grandees of the Island, that in a very short Space of Time his Liberality determined them to grant him whatever he desired. Prince *Relosan* treated likewise with two other Potentates, and being all united together, they concluded a defensive and offensive League to which they gave the Name of *The Quadruple Alliance*. Hereupon persuading themselves that no Power was able to make Head against them, they took it into their Fancy to attempt giving Laws to the whole Continent, and more especially to the King of *Jerbia*, whom Prince *Relosan* had no very great Reason to love, and more particularly since his Minister had sollicited the Senate of *Langes* to declare him Guardian to the young King, and Governour of the Empire. Through the Interest Prince *Relosan* had in the *Sindic* of the Senate, who rejected the King of *Jerbia*'s Minister's Request, he happily enough warded off that Blow. This Piece of Service to the Prince,

Prince, was, by him, rewarded with the Chancellorship, and first Dignity in the Magistracy: But not being ignorant, that the King of *Jerbia* might make other Attempts, to secure his Interest he entered into the League I before spoke of. The *Epicureans*, who perfectly well knew all the Steps he was taking, and who had a signal Affront to revenge, embraced the King of *Jerbia*'s Party, and engaged in their Faction the principal Lords of the Court, and among others the Prince of *Jamun*, who had been excluded from the Tutorship of the young King. Prince *Relosan* was not satisfied with having put that Affront on him; but carrying his Resentment still further, he deprived him of all the Rights and Privileges with which his Father, King *Megas*, had honoured him. This Prince, by an Infinity of noble Qualities wherewith he was adorned, might reasonably appear formidable in the Regent's Eyes. His elevated and sublime Genius, his consummate Prudence, his Generosity, his immense Wealth, and his great Perfectness in the Art of War, added to the Laurels he, on divers Occasions, had gathered in the Field of *Mars*, were Virtues of a Nature too glaringly conspicuous not to give Umbrage. They listed under the Banners of this Prince all the Malecontents of the Empire, making a very

formidable Faction, composed of Persons of all Conditions; Ladies, Druids, Generals, Officers, Princes, and Senators. Their Cabals were so secretly carried on, notwithstanding every Thing passed within the Walls of the very City where Prince *Relosan* constantly resided, that the first Intimation he had of what was in Agitation came from the Island Prince his Confederate. He ordered his Ministers to be on their Guard, and to look out sharp; but the Mystery was wholly impenetrable. Whatever Suspicions they had, they could find no plausible Handle to pitch on any one: For notwithstanding they set Spies to observe the Motions of those they suspected to be concerned in this Intrigue, nothing came to Light.

On the Frontiers of the Realm appear Numbers of armed Troops, who, under Pretence of preventing the Exportation or Importation of contraband Goods, overran, in a Manner, the whole Empire. No Leader of any Distinction was to be seen; and a Rumour was spread about, that they were some disbanded Regiments which had gathered into a Body in order to seek their Subsistence. They still advanced into the Heart of the Country; and there were very near forty Thousand of them posted in the Neighbourhood of the Capital City of the Empire. There military

Discipline

Discipline was excellent: They offered Injury to none, living on what they fraudulently disposed of, as Salt, Spices, Lace, &c. At length, on a certain Day prefixed, all was to break out: They were to enter the Metropolis, surround the Regent's Palace, seize his Person, make themselves Masters of the young King's Person, and declare the King of *Jerbia* Governour and Administrator of the Empire of *Langes*. The King of *Jerbia*'s Resident intrusted the Papers which concerned this Affair with a certain Nobleman of that Country, to convey them thither to the Hands of the King his Soveraign's first Minister. This Lord's Coach broke in passing thorough a River; and he was visibly careless of every Thing, even of his own Life, that he might save the Box which contained his Papers. The great Regard and Attention he expressed on that Occasion raised a Suspicion in those who accompanied him as a Convoy. Some of the Spies had Notice given them, and the Court had immediate Information. An Order was dispatched to apprehend the Nobleman, and seize the said Box of Writings. When opened by the Ministers, they found in it several Papers written in Cypher, not easily to be read, with some others in *Jerbian* which unfolded the whole Mystery. The *Jerbian* Resident being informed of what had happened, and not

surmising

ſurmiſing that the Miniſtry had been curious enough to look into the Contents of the Box, demanded the Nobleman, as a Subject to the King his Maſter, might be ſet at Liberty, and that Reſtitution of the Box of Papers ſhould be made, as Memoirs of the Embaſſy. The Nobleman was releaſed, but the Writings retained. A few Days after, the Miniſters invited the Reſident to a Conference, during which they ſent to take Poſſeſſion of his Houſe, and to ſeal up what they thought fit. He was at length conducted home again, where he was highly ſurprized to meet with a Company of armed Guards at the Gate, who were charged to be reſponſible for his Perſon. Not many Days after the ſame Guard conducted him to the Frontiers of his own Country. The Troops which were diſperſed in the Kingdom, finding they had miſſed their blow, withdrew: But a general Calm did not ſo ſoon enſue. *Reloſan* cauſed the Prince of *Jamun*, and the Princeſs his Conſort, to be taken into ſafe Cuſtody. They were kept ſeparate; and ſoon after, together with the Princes their Children, they were baniſhed into different Places. All their Officers and Domeſticks, even the Female Servants belonging to their Palace, were put under cloſe Confinement. An Infinity of other Perſons of Diſtinction, accuſed of having a Hand in the

the Conſpiracy, were taken into Cuſtody. Several Lords, and among others, a Maſter of Ceremonies, thought it their beſt Way to ſeek their Safety by Flight. His Secretary ſpared not Prince *Reloſan* in ſome Libels which he diſperſed. The *Epicurean* Druids alone, who were the very Soul of the Conſpiracy, were exempted from the Effects of the Storm, by Reaſon that it was thought adviſeable to let alone that wicked Sect of Men, who might otherwiſe do more Miſchief than what they had already done. Prince *Reloſan* cauſed a Body of Forces to pour in upon the Frontiers of *Jerbia*, with Pretext of ingaging that Prince to ſubmit to the Authority of the four Confederate Powers, by coming into their Meaſures, but in Reality to puniſh the Attempt he had made on the Government. Some of the principal Senators were ſent into Baniſhment. The *Company* ſent a Deputation to the Prince to know the Cauſe of their Diſgrace, offering to puniſh them if they were found guilty: But the Miniſters replied, that they had removed them for Cauſes which abſolutely required Secreſy.

While the Army was employed in *Jerbia*, Prince *Reloſan* endeavoured to divert the Chagrin which this Conſpiracy had given him, in the Company of the Princeſs of *Jerbia*, his Daughter, who to Beauty worthy her

her Rank and Station joined all the Charm of a brilliant Genius. One Day, while the Prince was refreshing his Spirits with he from the Cares of the Council Board, h found himself seized with a violent Hea Ach. The Defluxion of the Pain fell int his Eye, and inflamed it to such a Degree that the Physicians were of Opinion h would inevitably have lost it. He had already sacrificed *one* to the publick Wel fare. When the Danger, in which the other was, came to be known, every one descant ed thereon according to his Sentiments; and the Chancellor was laid aside for having indiscreetly said, that, if Prince *Relosa* was blind, it was requisite that some other Prince should be elected to govern the State. The Regent, being informed of the Chancellor's Verdict, at the Time when his Pain was at the utmost Extremity, dispatched away to him a Secretary of State, who was disposed to do every Thing required at his Hands, to redemand the Seal. The Chancellor, who was likewise damaged in his Sight, affected to deliver it up with less Concern than he had expressed in receiving it. The Populace, ever prone to Calumny, spread abroad a Story very disadvantagious to the Prince's Reputation, relating to his Hurt. He was fruitlessly in Love, said they, with one of the Princess *Jerdreb*'s Ladies of Honour.

He

he declared his Paſſion to his Daughter, and intreated her to ſecond his Inclinations. That Princeſs moſt obſequiouſly obedient to her dear *Pappa*'s Requeſt, gave Notice to the Lady, that ſhe deſigned to paſs an Afternoon with her alone. This the Lady received as a particular Honour. Immediately on her coming, the Princeſs ſent a Page to her Father, to acquaint him that if he came away without Loſs of Time, his Labour would not be in vain. According to her Summons the Prince arrived. When his Daughter heard him entering, she roſe up, and paſſing behind the Lady's Chair, ſhe pulled her down backwards, Chair and all, ſaying to her Father, *You have her fair for you.* The Lady readily comprehended what was in Agitation; and ſeeing the Prince ready diſpoſed to beſtow on her ſome cloſe Careſſes, ſhe gave him a Kick in the Face. The Heel of her Shoe ſtruck full in his Eye, and was very near making it ſtart out of his Head. Finding himſelf Hurt, he withdrew in Confuſion; and the Lady inſtantly demanded Leave to retire into the Country, which Requeſt the Princeſs *Ferdreb*, out of Greatneſs of Soul, refuſed to comply with: Nay, ſhe retained her ſtill in her Service, injoining her Secreſy in regard to what had happened.——What is remarkable in all this Story, is, that the only

only Foundation it had was the Inclinatio of the Prince, who had no Aversion t the Sex, together with the Accident o his Eye: Nevertheless, it was so univer sally spread throughout the whole Em pire, that none except Persons of the bes Penetration and Discernment believed i to be a Fiction.

I do not well comprehend, said *Piso*, what Use Folks could make of their Discern ment to judge after that Manner. It was answered *Samar*, because those who invent ed and spread about this Story, had before accused the Prince with having carried his paternal Love for the Princess *Jerdreb* to too great a Length. They gave out, that he was most idolatrously Fond of her beau tiful Hands, and published several Ru mours very disadvantagious to the Honour both of the one and the other, without considering that they were talking of a Father and Daughter. But even Princes are liable to Aspersions.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Jerbian *War. Its Conclusion. The Enterprizes of the Senate repressed.*

WHILE these Affairs were transacting at Court, the Army was making some slight Progresses in *Jerbia*; nor could that Prince's Minister, with all his Politicks, prevent its reducing some Towns. He scattered about several seditious Libels, very injurious to the Character of Prince *Relosan*; publishing, under the Prince of *Jerbia*'s Name, seductive Declarations, in order to engage the Army to revolt from the Regent's Interest. The Prince of *Jerbia*, in Person, drew near the Frontier: But a Prince of the Blood, who commanded in the Army of *Langes*, knew so well how to keep it in its Duty, that it proceeded with the same Vigour against the *Jerbians* as if they had not been their Allies. The Prince of *Jerbia*'s Minister, to make a Diversion, engaged divers Lords of the maritime Coasts of *Langes* to revolt, with whom he signed a League offensive and defensive. Prince *Relosan*

caused the Heads of three of the most Factious to be struck off; the Rest betook themselves to Flight, and the *Jerbian* Minister had the Mortification to see his Projects miscarry. The Senate, who had some Inclination to the Prince of *Jerbia*, was very attentive to every one of Prince *Relosan*'s Motions; affecting to thwart him by bold and daring Remonstrances, and making a Shew of being disposed to partake with him of the soveraign Authority. All the while their Minister kept the Seals, they were sure of having their Proceeding approved of, since he never failed backing them at the Council Board: But ever since his Disgrace, they lay exposed to the Prince's Resentment: Nor was it long before they felt the Effects of it. The Baron of *Orfarine*, to whose Custody the Regent had committed the Seals, humbled the Senate on all Occasions. He obliged the Senators to come, in their ceremonial Habits, on Foot to the Prince's Palace, where they had the Affront of being preceeded by the Barons. Their Registers were all cancelled; and they were forced to erect the Office of the new Magistrate under the Direction and Management of the Vice-Chancellor. They were forbid to interfere or meddle with State Affairs, and had a strict Injunction laid on them to concern themselves no farther than in doing

doing the People Justice. This Blow touched the Senate to the Quick: Nor were they in the least omissive in seeking to revenge it. The *Bank Bills* furnished them with a very favourable Pretext to exercise their Passions; and they stretched their Authority to the very utmost. But their Procedure becoming daily more and more odious to the Regent, they soon found themselves removed from the Metropolis, and obliged to take up their Residence in a scurvy contemptible Hamlet, where they stood in need of many Necessaries.

During these domestick Broils and Disturbances, the War was carried on successfully in *Jerbia*. The Prince of that Country, in order to remove from his own Doors the Calamities which never fail attending an Army, gave his Consent to a Truce for some Time. Prince *Relosan* took the Advantage of that Interval, to give him to understand by his Embassadors, That he was indebted for all those Disorders in his Dominions to nothing but the restless, intriguing, and seditious Spirit of his Prime Minister: That he had embroiled him with all the neighbouring Potentates: That the War in which he had lately engaged him against his Father-in Law, and against the Monarch of *Germany* was altogether repugnant to the publick Faith; and that, having undertaken

it in a bad Cause, it could not but prove ruinous and unhappy to him, since several Potentates had an Interest to prevent its growing to any considerable Head: That he would meet with as many Enemies as there were Princes in his Way: That in case he was disposed to listen to a wholesome Accommodation, the Army should quit his Territories, for the Mastery whereof they had hitherto been contending: That, moreover, such advantagious Conditions should be made for the Princes his Children, that he should have all imaginable Reason to applaud the Methods which were taken to promote his Interests: And, finally, That nothing was required at his Hands but the Removal of his Minister, whose turbulent Disposition was only fit to sow Sedition, Disorder, and Confusion throughout the Universe.

The Princess of *Jerbia*, whom by particular Interest Prince *Relosan* had gained over to his Devotion, and who was gladly disposed to introduce into the Ministry a certain raw young Statesman, that she might have one at the Helm who was wholly her Dependant, favoured Prince *Relosan*'s Proposals to the utmost of her Power. The *Jerbian* Minister was dismissed unrecompenced; and to prevent him from moving afterwards, they feigned to make his Process in behalf of the Great God of

the

the Universe, that thereby he might be totally employed in his own Justification. The Prince of *Jerbia* remitted all his Interest to Prince *Relosan*, who perceiving himself become sole Arbiter of his Fortune, acted with all the Generosity that might be expected from him. He sollicited all the circumjacent Potentates in behalf of the Prince of *Jerbia*, and concluded Peace with them in his Name, nominating a *Congress*, whereat his Pretensions were to be examined. He withdrew his Forces, and rewarded those Officers who had done him most Service, with *Paper*, which at that Season was the current Coin of the Realm. He recalled the Lords whom he had exiled, set at Liberty all those he held in Confinement, and made a most terrible Example of Justice.

A certain *German* Prince, related to the Monarch of that Country, and most of the Grandees of the Empire, and even to Prince *Relosan* himself, took, in his Cups, a Resolution little worthy his Rank. The *Paper Agiotage* began to sink. Many made their Fortune by it. This *German* Grandee made a Feint of adventuring in that Sort of Traffick. A Courier belonging to the *Bank*, took with him considerable Effects, and went to attend his Commands, at the Inn where he then was: But the *Belgian*, instead of merchandizing,

assisted by two others, dispatched him with their Ponyards. This being done, he quitted the Inn: He is apprehended; his Sentence passed in the Court of Justice, is condemned to lose his Life. All the Noblemen his Relations sue for his Pardon, which Prince *Relosan* refuses. They demand, that the Manner of his Punishment may, at least, be changed, and that he might be allowed to fall by the Sword, since the Infamy of the other Kind of Death would blemish the Honour of their Family. But they sued in vain; nor could they obtain from the Prince any Thing but these remarkable Words; *It is not the Manner of Punishment, but the Action which merited it, that will dishonour your Family.*

Not long after happened the Fall of the *Bank-Notes*, as I observed before: And that was the Occasion of the Ruin of Baron *Orfarine*'s Fortune. The Regent took from him the Seals, which he restored to the former Chancellor, who from thence forwards made it his Study to anticipate the Prince's Desires, and to do all whatever he thought would please him. His Reputation suffered for it in some Measure, by Reason that the Subjects, ignorant of what Consequence it is that a good Correspondence subsists between the Prince and his Ministers, never fail condemning those they observe to give blindly into the Soveraign's

Measures.

Measures. He employed the Favour he was in to adjust the Differences between the Prince and Senate, who had Leave to return to the Capital City, there to exercise their wonted Functions; the Prince not much troubling his Head whether they moved, or remained quiet.

Prince *Relosan* had still another Affair which employed his Thoughts. He would willingly have terminated the Differences which were between the Philosophers; but he had almost insurmountable Difficulties to encounter. He used his utmost Efforts to engage those contrary Factions to come to an Accommodation: Yet, as you are very sensible, it is a Matter of far less Difficulty to bring the Elements of Fire and Water to sympathize with each other, than to cause Philosophers of different Sects to agree in Principles. Some of them, out of mere Complaisance to the Regent, signed to every Thing he required of them; and among others the famous Druid *Seillano*, who thro' the whole Course of his Life distinguished himself for his Inconstancy, insomuch that he was called the *Buskin* of the Country, by Reason that he turned on all Sides; or to speak more justly, he was a perfect *red* Weather-Cock, which turned about to every Blast of Wind that touched it. During the first Part of his Life, he strictly set up for a rigid

rigid *Moralist*; and he all along retained of it so commendable a Part, that, in outward Appearance at least, his Manners were irreprehensible. At one Time he was a professed *Stoick*, because he had succeeded a Druid of that Sect. He then turned *Epicurean* on his supplying the vacant Post of an *Epicurean* Druid. In this last Station he so unaccountably metamorphosed himself, that he was scarce to be known for the same Person. He became the *Stoick*s most implacable Enemy, and was one of the main Engines which were set to work to destroy a certain Territory intirely inhabited by those Sectaries. At length the Wind veered about once more: He again turned *Stoick*, and that to such a Point of Zeal, that he chose rather utterly to lose his Soveraign's good Graces than to favour the *Epicureans*. After that he again made another half Turn, and hated the *Stoicks* as much as he had loved them. In a Word, he was most constant in his Inconstancy.

Prince *Relosan* finding he was not able to bring the Philosophers to any Agreement, he abandoned them to their intractable Obstinacy; and very judiciously remarked, That their Animosity against each other was at no Time so violent, as it was when he imagined them thorougly reconciled. From that Time he minded nothing

nothing but the Cultivation of Peace and Tranquillity in the State, the Methods of making its Trade to flourish, and of repairing the Mischiefs occasioned by the *Bank Notes*, &c. This Prince was truly Great, and highly deserving that Epithet by a thousand shining Qualities, of which he gave memorable Instances on all Occasions. Notwithstanding he had curbed and humbled the Senate, he was never in the least Apprehensive on that Score, nor did he even really think that Body worthy of his Anger. He sufficiently expressed the Contempt in which he held it, by suffering it to act as it thought fit in an Affair of Importance, and which made a great Noise. The Senate had scarce recovered its Vigour when they endeavoured to exercise it on those who had inriched themselves by the Bank. They attacked the Baron of *Romé*, who had acquired thereby an astonishing Fortune, and who, by a wise Precaution, had the Address to realize his *Paper* Effects before they sunk their Credit. This Nobleman, who, in Points wherein his Honour was any wise concerned, was superlatively nice and delicate, was no sooner informed of his being charged with Male-administration in his *Inspectorship* of the *Bank*, but he made Complaint to the Prince, and demanded Commissaries before whom he might plead in his own

Justification.

Justification. The Prince advised him not to shew the least Concern at any of those Rumours: But the Senate being absolutely bent upon taking Cognizance of that Lord's Conduct, the Regent permitted them to proceed as they would, giving them a full and uncontrolable Liberty; and the Nobleman justified himself after a Manner by so much the more irreproachable, as his very Adversaries themselves were his only Judges.

With what Lustre soever Prince *Relosan*'s conspicuous Virtues appeared in publick View, they were no wise less solid in his private Conduct. A certain Poet, * whose Vein and Genius seemed to have something in them more than human, abused his Talent in calumniating the Prince *Regent* in six *Odes*, to which he gave the Title of *Philippicks*. He recited all the false Rumours, Detractions, injurious Expressions, and Aspersions which the Vulgar had spread abroad against the Prince; who only despised and laughed at them. He was sensible that the Verses had Wit in them; but that they contained an Infinity of Falsities, and so left his Wrongs to be revenged by the Gods. Heaven is too much concerned to be careful

* Monsieur *de la Motte*.

of

of the Reputation of Princes, to suffer it to be sullied with Impunity. The Poet was punished with a rigorous Banishment, and it may, perhaps, one Day fall out, that some avenging Hand may allay in Blood that furious Itch of Rhiming.

I have already more than once made Mention to you of the Princess *Jerdreb*. She was not a Whit less exposed to Calumny than was the Prince her Father. She died in Child-Bed. All the World knows, that it is common enough for Women to pay Nature's Tribute in those painful Moments. I will gladly acquaint you with the fabulous Report given out concerning her Death, to convince you that there are not any in the World exempt from Detraction, since Persons of the first Distinction are so unmercifully pulled to Pieces. This *Princess*, some Years after the Decease of her first Consort, again betrothed herself to a Lord of her own Court, who had scarce any other Merit than that of having the Honour of pleasing the *Princess*. One Day as she sat at Table with her *Husband* and Prince *Relosan*, that *Prince*, whom his Detractors always make a great Admirer of his Daughter, instead of eating, amused himself, as they say, with making fine Speeches, and talking amorously to the *Princess*. Her *Husband*, whom they suppose to be jealously inclined, unable

to

to bear such a Procedure, let fall some Expressions which shewed his Resentment. The *Prince* took them as they were meant, and in Return threw a Plate at his Head. Both rose up from Table. Prince *Relosan* laid his Hand on his Sword. The *Prince* disarmed him, and appeased them both. They again sit down to Table. The *Prince* adores his *Daughter*'s divine Hands. This proves a Subject for a new Quarrel. *Relosan* rises up to beat his *Son-in-Law*. The *Princess* interposes, and received from her Father a Kick on the Belly. She was big with Child. This passionate Incident hastened on her Delivery. She was brought to Bed of two Children, one of which was said to belong to the *Prince*, and the other to the Husband. But as the Infants were Still-born, no Conjecture could be made from their Inclinations, what Ground there was for such a Report. The *Princess* lost her Milk. A violent Fever accompanied the Rest of the ill Consequences of her precipitate Delivery. She expired just as she was at the Point of compleating her fifth *Lustrum*.* Prince *Relosan* bore her Death with a Greatness of Soul which satisfied the World, that he never had any other Sort of Love or Affection for the *Princess*, than

* A *Lustrum* is five Years.

what

what a *Father* ought to have for his *Daughter*. Nevertheless, Calumny got the upper-hand of Truth; nor do I know of any one of the *Princess*'s Domesticks, *La Vassorie* alone excepted, (whose Probity could never be suspected by any) who offered to do Justice to her Father's Innocence and Virtue.

An Instance of the vilest and most execrable Calumny that was ever recited, and which I forgot to take Notice of to you before, will convince you of the Pains and Difficulties the *Prince* must have been at to surmount it. I have already told you, that *Megas* suspected that he aspired to the Crown. The *Prince*'s Enemies believed him so capable of committing a foul Deed in order to attain it, that the Minister of a certain foreign Potentate, who bore the Prince no good Will, had the Presumption, (in a *Letter* afterwards made publick,) to impose on him so far as to give him a formal Detail of the Means and Methods by which he designed to attempt the Throne, even at the Expence of the young King's Death. Others gave out, that one Day the *Prince* putting some perfumed Powder on the *young King*'s Hand, that he might snuff it up his Nostrils, the *little Monarch*'s Governour blew it away, and made him wash his Hands, suspecting the Powder to have been Poison. And, finally, others report, that the *Prince*

having provided a Collation for the Entertainment of the King, at one of his Castles, the Governour would not suffer him to taste of any Thing but of the Food he had brought with him. But these Discourses of the Populace, having no Manner of Foundation, vanished of themselves; and the King reigned many Years, in a perfect State of Health and Vigour, the Delight of his Subjects.

Thanks to the Gods, said *Piso*, we are got to the Castle. I believe this Gentleman would have spun out his Story for an Hour longer had we a League farther to have travelled. I have wished a hundred Times he had been possessed of *Egnatius*'s Fault, and had much rather he would not have prolonged and over-charged his Narration as he has done, but had reduced it to a much narrower Compass. You would, perhaps, replied *Samar*, have had me done like the Man who rehearsed the History of the World, from its Creation, in a Quarter of an Hour. You are not there, answered *Piso*; but I should have been glad that you had told me only one half of *Relosan*'s History, and left me the other to guess at. The small Sketch you drew the other Day was much more to my Taste than this long and tiresome Detail. Besides, one must believe it on your bare Word. I am not sure that every

Body

Body will ſpeak ſo favourably of that *Prince* as you have done. You don't charge him with ſo much as one ſingle Vice or ill Quality, which inclines me to ſuſpect you of Flattery. There is not any Man but has ſome Failing or other. To draw the Character of a Man without any Blemiſh, is to have a Mind not to be believed. You have, ſaid *Samar*, ſo ſtrong a Propenſity to believe *ill* of Mankind, that you are not able to bear that any Body ſhould ſpeak *well* of them. I have repreſented Prince *Reloſan* to you *ſuch* as he *was*: I had it in my Power to have painted him out *ſuch* as he *ought to have been*. Great as he was, he might have been ſtill Greater. You have given us enough, ſaid *Piſo*, on that Article. I promiſe you to believe, all the Good you your ſelf think of him; but on this Condition, that you ſay not one Word more about him. *Priſcus* has Reaſon to be ſatisfied with your Relation: As for my Part I liſtened to it merely out of Complaiſance to him. This ought to ſuffice you.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The CASTLE *described.* PICTURES *of some* LADIES.

UPON their Arrival at the Castle, they found the Governour, attending at the Gate, to receive them, a Piece of Decorum which ought always to be observed in every well-regulated Family. He demanded their *Bill of Health. Samar*, who understood his Meaning, told the *Romans*, that the Gentleman was a Lover of Curiosities, and that he desired them, in case they had any of *Tiberius*'s Medals, to make him a Present of them. This was instantly complied with, much to the Satisfaction of the Governour. After the Present made, there was nothing worth observing in the Castle but what they had a Sight of. The *first Hall* was hung with *Tapistry*, belonging to the Crown, which represented the *History* of *Megas*'s Reign. It was so full of Events, of a very fabulous Aspect, that *Pomponius* desired to see the other Apartments. Our *Romans* were then conducted into a *Gallery*, in which the

the LADIES who flourished under the Reign of *Megas* were depicted to the Life. *Piso* was mightily delighted with beholding those lovely Portraits. There were some Ladies exactly to the Taste of *Celer* and *Egnatius*; but *Priscus* thought them too great Nudities: Tho' *Pomponius*, who had no Dislike to such beautiful Objects, said, They would not have had much Occasion for Linnen if they had exposed themselves as much every where. After this the *Romans* were led by a private Stair-Case to the *Pavilion*, where that *Order* of *Knightood* had been instituted. There, they met with a Picture of the *Prince*, Grandson to *Megas*, who wore about his Neck the Ensigns of the *Order* of the *Pavilion*, with a *Medal*, on which was stampt this Motto, *I prefer Liberty to Life*. They perused the *List* of the *Knights* of that *Order*, and descended, by a winding Stair-Case, to a *Gallery* where hung the *Pictures* of the *Princesses* and *Ladies* of that *Prince*'s Reign. There were of all Sorts, and what the more enhaunced the Pleasure of considering those Objects, they were all Beauties. No Lady ever cares to come under the Pencil when in her Decline. Some there were who had fine Handkerchiefs thrown over their Necks and Bosoms: That Dress *Priscus* thought looked modest' enough.

Pomponius having singled out one much to his Liking, who concealed under her Veil more Charms than ever the Poets ascribed to the *Cytherean* Goddess, was very curious to know who she was, and enquired of *Samar*, Whether it was really possible, that any Lady could ever have complicated in her own Person such an Infinity of Charms and Beauty? She was still more lovely, returned *Samar*, than she is there represented: The Painter has not touched her Mouth as he ought to have done; a thousand Enchantments dwelt on her Lips, which to the most exquisite Artists would have been Inimitable. This Lady was Prince *Relosan*'s Daughter. What! said *Piso*, is this the Princess *Jerdreb*? —You both confound and surprize me. No, replied *Samar*; it is her younger Sister. This Lady, who seemed to have come into the World for nothing else but to adorn a Throne, after having seriously reflected on the Vanity of sublunary Enjoyments, despised all the Pomp and Grandure of this Life, and retired into *Ichtyophagia*. She lived there for some Time without any Employ: But her Merit, rather than her Birth, having early distinguished her, she was elected *Princess* of the Country. The *Prince*, her Father, had much rather she would have consented towards supporting him in his *Royalty* by

a *new*

a *new Alliance*, than that she should have renounced the *Sweets* of *Hymen*. Not being able to vanquish her Resolution, he gave her, in the *State* of *Life* she had chose, all the Assistance, and procured her all the Advantages, that she could hope for from a Parent who had immense Riches at Command. The frequent Visits he made her increased the Suspicion of the censorious Part of the People, who gave out, that, since the Princess *Jerdreb*'s Death, the *Prince* her Father, refusing to bestow the least Affection among Strangers, had centered his whole Love in the Person of the beautiful Princess of *Ichtyophagia*. This Lady had a larger Portion of Wit, than Beauty: Nor had she ever neglected any Thing that might be conducive towards the Improvement of her natural Parts; even entertaining in her Service a *Druid*, on whom she bestowed a Pension, to be instructed by him in all the most profound Mysteries of their Religion. Her Heart was noble and well-disposed. She was generous and compassionate. Her extraordinary Vivacity hindered her from expressing herself easily, notwithstanding she conversed with a good Grace, when she happened to talk for any considerable Time: But what she had more in particular, and which is very becoming a Lady's Mouth, was, that she never uttered

tered any Thing but what was discreet, solid, judicious, and obliging. Her Behaviour was courteous and affable, and her Conversation free and polite. Without setting too high a Value on her Grandure, by her own personal Merit she knew how to exact, nay, command the Respect due to her noble Birth. Those who considered her only as a Princess, wondered that her *Druid* was not advanced: But those who were acquainted with the Strength of her Judgement, were obliged to acknowledge, that she had known how to penetrate through a most condensed Cloud of *Philosophism* to be convinced within herself, that, for a more elevated Fortune a greater Stock of Merit was requisite than what her *Druid* was Master of. Among the Ladies with whom she associated, she lived in the most sincere Friendship. Were there no Men in that Country, said *Pomponius*, at the Time this Fair-One resided there? Yes; answered *Samar*, a great Number: Nay, many travelled to *Ichtyophagia* on purpose to see her: But notwithstanding she charmed every Beholder, none was so happy as to make the least Impression on her Heart. She was not, however, any of those haughty disdainful Beauties, who never shew themselves but on Holy-Days, or who think an amorous Glance an unpardonable Crime. She behaved herself

to

o all with the utmoſt Candour; and her Carriage was in every Reſpect inexpreſſibly becoming; and though ſhe ſometimes perceived that while her Admirers were complimenting her, their Eyes ſpoke the Language of Love, yet ſhe never reprimanded them for ſuch preſumptuous Weakneſſes which ſhe was ſenſible were occaſioned by her Charms. By the Tone in which you ſpeak, ſaid *Celer*, it ſeems, Sir, ——As if, replied *Samar*, I honoured and eſteemed her Conduct; and that I could wiſh all our Ladies were of her inchanting Temper. This Princeſs never did any Thing that could ſullly her Character: Never did ſhe ſhew the leaſt Contempt of any Perſon. Is this affronting, or injuring our Ladies?—No, no, ſaid *Priſcus*: But tell me, I intreat you, whoſe Picture is that, to which there is hung ſo large a Genealogy?

It is, replied *Samar*, the Lady's who was made Governeſs to the Grandſon of *Megas*. I perceive you are pleaſed with her Air. Were ſhe living, ſhe would willingly have *philoſophized* with you. She was a Perſon who never amuſed herſelf with Trifles. Fruitleſs, unneceſſary Queſtions were diſtant from her Taſte. With her nothing would go down but what was *ſolid*. Never was a better Conduct ſhewn than hers, in the young *Prince*'s Infancy;

and

and if *La Villefort* had not been concerned in it, one might have proposed it as a Model worthy to be followed: But that Waiting-Gentlewoman of hers, who interfered so far as to inspire the young *Prince's* Mind with Sentiments conformable to her own Inclinations, caused him to use some Discourses, the Counter-part whereof fell upon the Governess. As to the Rest, it must be acknowledged, that *La Villefort* (here's her Picture behind the Door, over the Broom) had a very singular Talent at teaching Parrots to speak.

And this Lady, said *Celer*, who holds a *Book* in her Hand? You are mistaken, said *Samar*; it is a *Snuff-Box* in that Form. She was Princess of *Jamun*. I have mentioned her to you already. She excelled in the *Art* of nice Gameing. Never did any Lady *play* cleaner, or deeper. She *played* like a Princess, and *lost* like a Queen. The most unlucky Cast could not ruffle her Temper, nor was she ever out of Humour but in Points of Honour. When *Prince Relosan* deprived her Husband of the *Titles* with which King *Megas* had honoured him, she accosted him in his very Closet, in a Tone sufficient to inspire him with Terrour, and told him, That if he had the Presumption to attempt any Thing against her Consort, he should certainly meet his Death by her Hand. But she

was

was not ſo cruel as ſhe threatend to be. This Lady was Counteſs of *Eu*. She took Advantage of all the Privileges of a Country, where People are not obliged to ſtand to all the raſh Promiſes they make.

Who is this young Creature, ſaid *Egnatius*, whoſe Air ſeems ſo innocent and ſoft? Here's a Crown lying at her Feet! Alas! ſaid *Samar*, ſhe was a young Lady, whom her Father's immoderate Ambition gave in Marriage to a *Prince* that eſpouſed her on no other Account than her Fortune. But her Father, giving her only a Paper-Dowry, the Huſband, after having lived with her about a Month, ſent her home again, declaring, that he would never have any Thing to ſay to her till her Bills were converted into Caſh.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

PICTURES *of some* LORDS.

SAMAR went on, explaining some other Pieces, not forgetting the Picture of a *Lady*, who was, for a long Time the lawful Spouse of a *King*, without ever being made a Queen. After which they were conducted into a Hall, the Walls whereof were finiered with Marble: At a small Distance were placed Vermillion-Pillars against which there reclined Brazen-Statues, representing the *Lords* of Prince *Relosan*'s Court.

The *first* they cast their Eyes on was in the Habit of a *Swiss*, with a Partisan in his Hand. *Samar* told them, that the Nobleman whose Statue they beheld, had been one of the most accomplished Courtiers of his Time: But, being the younger Son of a good Family, and obliged to seek his Fortune, he was captivated with the Charms of a certain Princess, who did not prove inexorable: But King *Megas* interrupted their Pleasures, though he could not alienate their Affections. After that Monarch's Death,

Death, the Princeſs introduced him to Prince *Reloſan*, who honoured him with the Command of his *Swiſs* Guards, which was the higheſt Pitch of Fortune he could than aſpire to, and the Poſt which was moſt convenient for him. His Brother, who was a Druid of Diſtinction, was ſo very grateful for that Favour, that from thence forwards he profeſſed no other Religion but that of the Prince.

What Perſonage is this, ſaid *Celer*, who has ſo manly an Air and Aſpect? It is, anſwered *Samar*, the Prince of *Nedoc*, who was the Head of an illuſtrious Family while yet very young. His youthful Days he paſſed in the Wars. After the Deceaſe of King *Megas*, Prince *Reloſan* embroiled him with the Prince of *Famun*, with the View of remaining undiſturbed by them, while they buſied themſelves with carrying on their own particular Differences: But the Regent conſtantly favoured him in every Reſpect, chiefly to thwart the Prince of *Famun*, who ſunk in his Affairs on this Occaſion. The Prince of *Nedoc*, who was a politick and moſt ſelfiſh Perſon, by the Aſſiſtance, and through the Means of the *Bank-Notes*, made a ſhift to augment his Revenue, clear off the Debts of his Family, and recover the Lands which had been alienated by his Fore-fathers. He was exceedingly grateful to Prince *Reloſan*

for having procured him all those Advantages; and sufficiently shewed it in his strict Attachment to that Prince's Interest, which he inviolably maintained to the last. He lost his Spouse while his amorous Pulse yet beat high; and the *Epicureans*, who never neglected calumniating Prince *Relosan*'s Family, gave out, that the Princess of *Ichtyophagia* was to quit her Principality, and to espouse the Prince of *Nedoc*: But those scandalous Rumours convicted themselves, and proved their Want of Foundation. This Prince had a great Spirit, a fine Genius, and an Inclination to polite Literature. He perfectly well understood his own Interest, and knew how to manage his Affairs to the very best Advantage. This, was laid to his Charge as a Vice; but he found his Account in it.

Tell me, if you please, said *Pomponius*, what young Lord this is, whose Mein and Air seem so graceful? It is, replied *Samar*, the Prince of *Nedoc*'s Brother. This Nobleman espousing the Interest of the Regent and his Family, pretended one Day to make a Hunting-Match, and took an Opportunity to abandon his native Land, to go into a Country where he knew a War was on Foot: But it was not so much the Inclination he had to carry Arms that engaged him to take that Step, as a Pique he had taken against the Prince of *Jamun*.

He

He knew that the Prince of *Vexrot*, that Prince's eldeſt Son, had been at a very conſiderable Expence in order to make a ſplendid Appearance at that War; it was that which engaged him to repair thither on purpoſe to eclipſe him. In Effect, notwithſtanding that his Equipage came far ſhort of being proportionable to his illuſtrious Extraction, which intituled him to take the Precedence of the Prince of *Vexrot*, and that it is not the Train of Followers which inhaunces either the Merit or the Valour of the Owner, he appeared in the Army like a Heroe. The General, who was a Perſon of conſummate Knowledge in the Art of War, often admired to find in one of ſo tender an Age military Virtues and Accompliſhments, which are, generally ſpeaking, the Fruits only of Experience, which are acquired by the conſtant Services of many Years. After this War was concluded, the Baron of *Nedoc* viſited divers Courts, where he met with ſeveral very fortunate Adventures. His Beauty, joined to his fine Make, together with the Sprightlineſs of his Wit, and the Politeneſs of his engaging Deportment, procured him the good Graces of the Ladies, who would frequently contend for the Honour of a Share in his Eſteem. At length he returned to *Langes*, where Prince *Reloſan* received him with all the Marks of Diſtinction due to his Birth.

He gave him ſome beneficial Governments, admitted him into his Councils, and did not forget any Thing that might contribute towards the Advancement of his Fortune.

The *Druid* you ſee there, by his Side, was the Prodigy of his Time. He was his Brother: But it was ſo great a Rarity to ſee the Lords of this Family enter into Holy Orders, that all the World admired the generous Contempt this *Prince* ſhewed to the Splendor attending an elevated Fortune, ſince, in the State of Life which he had embraced, he renounced the Honour of gathering Laurels in the Field of *Mars*, which had ever been the glorious Occupation of his illuſtrious Anceſtors.

Who is this, ſaid *Priſcus*, with one Eye? It is, anſwered *Samar*, the Baron of—— a Prince as brave as his Sword, born for Pleaſures; but who ſacrificed all their Sweetneſſes to the Delights of the Cabinet. He had been often at the Head of the Cavalry, leſs like a General than like a Heroe, who led it on to aſſured Victory. His Diſpoſition was mild and eaſy, a profeſſed Enemy to all thoſe Commotions and Confuſions which Faction creates in a State, inviolably attached to his Soveraign's Intereſt, a true Lover of Peace, averſe to Fraud, and a Perſon, who, on the Sinking of the *Bank-Notes*, gave an Inſtance of the greateſt Diſintereſtedneſs ever heard of, in offering

offering ready *Specie* to all those from whom he had made any Purchases with *Paper*.

You may behold on this Side, two Noblemen, who are own Brothers, but of very different Humours. The Eldest, by Right of Primogeniture, was Governour of a Province, General of an Army, Knight of an Order, and loaded with as many Titles and Honours as a Person of Quality can well wish for, or expect. The Younger, a Man of Parts and Courage, sought his Fortune in the Army. He was one of the most experienced, the most prudent, and the bravest Captains of his Age: But his Merit had not experienced the most exemplary Justice. If any Command in the Army was given him, it was only because they could not refuse him the Reward of his Sword. Prince *Relosan* was so thoroughly convinced of the little Merit of the elder Brother, that being Apprehensive lest his Son should follow his Paths, he determined to strike him off from the Reversion of his Father's Government: But the young King's Instances and Intreaties were an insuperable Obstacle to the Execution of that Design.

CHAP. XXX.

The same Subject continued.

PRAY, who is this, said *Piso*, that stands leaning upon an Anchor? It is the Prince of *Samar*'s Brother, replied *Samar*, and one of King *Megas*'s Sons, who was indebted to the Mildness and Flexibility of his Disposition for his not undergoing the same Fate with his Brother, under Prince *Relasan*'s Administration. The Sweetness of this Prince's Temper was such, that it seemed somewhat approaching towards a Kind of Insensibility; and it was that which procured him the Happiness of peaceably enjoying his immense Riches. We leave, tho' not unwillingly, a Person unmolested of whom we have not any Apprehension.

That *Druid* you see four Pillars lower, was of a very different Humour. He owed the Purple which he was honoured with to scarce any Thing but his restless, turbulent Spirit. His Father, who had long bore Arms, with great Honour and Reputation, under King *Megas*, received, in

in Recompence for his Services, the Temple of *Lotu* for this Son, who, according to Custom, at his first Accession to that Dignity, behaved himself tolerably well: But this *Druid*'s restless Temper soon made him weary of lying quiet, and he embroiled himself with the Lord of the Country; and making a Merit of his Quarrel, he engaged all the neighbouring Potentates to have an Interest therein. *Megas*, in order to keep him in due Respect, sent for him back, and gave him the Temple of *Xeuma*. The Court *Druid*, who was no Stranger to our Prelate's intriguing Disposition, doubted not in the least but that he would use his utmost Endeavours to insinuate himself into the good Graces of the King, who at first had received him coldly enough. He resolved therefore to convert him, and to make him abjure *Stoicism*, of which *Sect* he made open Profession. The Bait was very tempting, since the Favour of the Soveraign was therein comprehended. The *Moula* proposed his embracing the *Epicurean* Tenets, if he desired to make his Fortune at Court.

" Imagine not, said he to him, that you
" can ever be able to change our Monarch's
" Sentiments. He is a wise, penetrating
" Prince, who does nothing but with good
" and solid Reasons. He does not easily
" come to a Determination, but having
once

" once made his Choice, nothing can pre-
" vail with him to alter his Opinion. He
" sucked in *Epicureism* with his Nurse's
" Milk. I swear to you, on the Faith of
" a *Moula*, that his Governour (I mean
" the *Druid* who governed the Empire
" during his Minority) was one of the finest
" Ornaments of our Sect. In telling you
" that he was invested with the *Roman*-
" Purple; I say enough. He inspired his
" own Sentiments into his Pupil, who
" made such Advantages of his Documents,
" that it would be no less difficult to count
" the Stars in the Firmament, the Grains
" of Sand which the Sea throws up on its
" Coasts, the Blades of Grass with which
" the Surface of the Earth is covered in
" the Spring, or the Leaves wherewith
" the Trees are cloathed, than it would
" be for any one to recount the innumer-
" able Instances of our invincible Mo-
" narch's having put in Practice the Pre-
" cepts of our Sect. Believe me, you will
" meet with a very scurvy Reception if
" you attempt to preach up Reformation
" at Court. As the Prince is of an Opi-
" nion, that is sufficient to engage all the
" Rest to follow his Example. There is
" not any Person to be met with, even
" the very Ladies themselves, but what
" thinks well of *our Morals*. One may,
" according to our Maxims and Sentiments,

" do

" do whatever one pleases, provided we
" neither scandalize any Body, nor pre-
" tend openly to affront the Gods. Which
" suits your Conveniency best Prelate?
" Would you be advanced? This is the
" Method you are to take: No Fortune
" on any other Terms. If you think my
" Friendship is worth your purchasing,
" that's the Price of it."

His *Grandure* made so good Use of these pious Documents, that the very next Morning, when he awoke, he found himself metamorphosed into an *Epicurean* of the first Rank; nor had the Sect ever a more zealous, a more turbulent, or a more affectionate Defender than himself. He had wherewithal to live at his Ease, as a very good *Epicurean* ought to do. He was invested with the Purple; but a great many People would have been better pleased had he been invested with an Halter. King *Megas* at length departed this Life; and the Favour of the Soveraign departed from the *Prince* of *Xeuma*; but he was not a Jot the quieter for that. The Prince *Regent* had a soveraign Contempt for him; yet notwithstanding, do what he could, he was never able to bring him to be at quiet. He was perpetually in Broils, perpetually in Agitations: Nay, it is even affirmed, that, after his Death, his very Ashes could not lie still where they were deposited.

What

What is it I ſee yonder, ſaid *Priſcus*, at the lower End of the Gallery? You ſee, ſaid *Samar*, Prince *Reloſan* and his Son. What! returned *Priſcus*, is this Lord, whoſe Air and Mein are ſo majeſtick, the Son of Prince *Reloſan*? Yes; replied *Samar*. He had almoſt the ſame Inclinations with his Father; but his Paſſions were not ſo violent. He alſo loved, but with Diſcretion. Love, though he had carried a Torch in his Hand, yet he could ſcarce have diſcovered this Prince's Inclinations.

Ye Gods! What do I ſee? cried *Pomponius*: A *Devil* and a *Druid*, *Cheek by Joul*! No, replied *Samar*: They are two Miniſters of State. He, at whom you are ſo terrified, owed his Fortune chiefly to his Integrity. King *Megas* entertained ſo violent a Suſpicion that Prince *Reloſan* had poiſoned the *Royal Family*, that he nominated the Baron of *Orfarine* to take Cognizance of the Fact. This Nobleman was one of the ableſt and moſt diſcerning Magiſtrates of his Time. It would have been an Impoſſibility for Prince *Reloſan* to have impoſed on him, had he been culpable. Moreover, that Magiſtrate was inviolably attached to *Megas*, to whom he was indebted for his Riſe. He undertook the Affair, fully informed himſelf of all that was rumoured about; and after he had been fully inſtructed in the Matter, he declared

clared Prince *Relosan* innocent of the Crimes which had been laid to his Charge. The Prince could not at that Time make a Return for this Piece of Service: But after the Death of *Megas*, and the Disgrace of the Baron of *Fresne*, he thought he could not better recompence his Benefactor, than by honouring him with the Chancellorship, and trusting to his Conduct the Cares of the Government.

That *Druid*, who seems reaching him his Hand, had the Honour of being Preceptor to Prince *Relosan*. He shewed him the Virtues which he ought to follow, and the Vices which he ought to avoid. The Prince reposed a great Confidence in him; and if he pertook with him in all his Pleasures, he was likewise a Sharer with him in all his Toils. In Recompence for his Services, he became a Druid of the first Degree; but that Honour was due to the Purity, Innocence, Integrity, and Sweetness of his Manners. I shall not tell you, that he was a Man of an austere Life, who spent his Days and Nights in Prayer, Fasting, and Mortification; that he never turned his Eyes towards a Woman; or that he never tasted any Wine: It is sufficient if I tell you, that he lived with Prince *Relosan*, to induce you to believe him to have been the uprighest Man in the World. In Probity he was second to none,

none, his Patron alone excepted; and as to the publick Affairs, he was so perfect a Master of Politicks, that there never was so much Business known to be dispatched in the Cabinet as during his Ministry.

The other Lords you see here were less Prince *Relosan*'s Courtiers than they were his Ministers. This Peer of whom I have already made Mention, on Account of his having such notable Disputes with the Senate, was a *General*, without *Command*; a *Poet*, without making *Verses*; *Noble* by *Traffick*; a *Merchant*, without *Stock*; a *Man*, without Religion; an *Orator*, without Eloquence; a *Minister of State*, without Experience; a *Player*, without *Action*; a *Musician*, without an *Ear*; and, in one Word, such a *non Pareil* that he was the only Creature of his whole Species who was able to do what he did.

This other Nobleman was very much in the Prince's Favour, on Account of his Brother, the Druid of *Veron*, who was at the Head of the Prince's Privy Council, for all Matters which regarded Religion. Never was there any Man more capable of filling that Post than this Druid, who had prudently declined siding with either Party, in the Differences between the *Philosophers*. When among the *Stoicks*, one could not possibly meet with a Man of more rigid and severe Morals: But with the *Epicureans*,

ureans, he *humanized* himself. His Mouth blew both *hot* and *cold*, which distinguished him from the Rest of the *Druids*, who, generally speaking, had no other Religion than that of the *Prince*: But none could ever reproach the *Druid* of *Veron* with carrying his Politicks and Complaisance so far as to follow the reigning Persuasion; No, he had not any Religion at all: And that was sufficient to distinguish him.

I take it, Sir, said *Piso*, that this Gate leads into the Garden, which I presume is answerable to the Magnificence of the Castle. You will not, said *Celer*, meet with such good Fortune here as you did in the Gardens of *Marciope*. Who knows, replied *Pomponius*, what may happen? I see yonder some Groves and Thickets, which methinks have very much the Air and Resemblance of so many Chapels, devoted to the Worship of the *Cytherean* Goddess, or, at least, agreeable Retreats, where with the greatest Safety, one might celebrate her most secret Mysteries. I fancy, said *Priscus*, you could not do any Thing here: This Country seems to me exceedingly illuminated. Should *Phœbus*, answered *Egnatius*, rise by Night, to see what passes in this Place, I don't believe he could discover any of the Transactions, so gloomy and intense is the Night-Shade

which reigns here, even at Noon-Day: These Gardens are in my Opinion extreamly delightful.

While our *Romans* were thus discoursing, they entered the Garden to refresh themselves with walking, where we shall leave them, in order to do the like ourselves, since this pleasant Weather gives us so kind an Invitation.

A SUMMARY OF THE CHAPTERS CONTAINED

In the CHRONICLE *of the* Cheva-lier SOTERMELEC.

CHAP. I.

HOW Sotermelec *was put into the Hands of Preceptors, in order to be educated in the strictest Honour and Virtue: How he then passed his Time, and gave notable Instances of his Capacity.*

CHAP. II.

How Sotermelec, *being grown up to Man's Estate, began to confess to* GOD, *the Blessed* Virgin, *and all the* Saints, *enumer-*

ating his most minute Transgressions; and how he then fell a committing more significant Sins.

CHAP. III.

A Digression upon the Devotion of Women, Children, Aged People, and Courtiers.

CHAP. IV.

How one Night in a Dream, Sotermelec *saw a Crown, and was mightily delighted with the Thoughts of wearing it; and how, waking in the Morning he found nothing but a Sir-reverence.*

CHAP. V.

How Sotermelec *made doleful Supplication to the* Round-Caps, *to break in Pieces the* Testamentary-Tables *of his Uncle King* Den Sadik.

CHAP. VI.

How he intreated them to bestow on him the Government of the Gauls, *under Agreement, that he should act uprightly, and never do any Manner of Evil, which Thought he had not in his Heart, nor, from the Moment he left the Place, did he in the least regard it.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How, to oblige the King of Albion, Sotermelec *caused the Citadel of* Dicmor (*i. e.* Dunkirk) *to be demolished.*

CHAP. VIII.

How Sotermelec *supped up his Liquor; and how he would sometimes buffet his Cronies, and then again joke and be merry with them.*

CHAP. IX.

How Sotermelec *undertook to do Penance, and visit the Holy Places:* Item, *how he went in Pilgrimage to the Abbey of* Tetemuc, *and there made long Retreats, and afterwards comforted the Abbess and Nuns.*

CHAP. X.

How the Nuns of Tetemuc *were governed, and regulated.*

CHAP. XI.

How their Rule and Method was to act just the Reverse of what the Religious of both Sexes ought to do.

CHAP. XII.

How Devotees of different Sexes went to marry at Tetemuc.

CHAP. XIII.

How Sotermelec *invented a great Melting-Pot to melt down* Gold *and* Silver.

CHAP. XIV.

How Sotermelec *made great Numbers of Debtors and Borrowers.*

CHAP. XV.

How Sotermelec, *and the Debtors paid their Debts in* Bran, *and gave out* Smoak *for* Gold.

CHAP. XVI.

How Nut Shells, Eel-Skins, Matches, &c. were imported from remote Countries; and how the Profits of that Traffick were farmed out to a Company.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

How Sotermelec *in spite of Misery, led a riotous, luxurious Life, feasting and banquetting most extravagently, purchasing Virgins, buying Wives, comforting Widows, and solacing himself.*

CHAP. XVIII.

How he was surrounded with Soothsayers, Fortune-Tellers, and such Sort of Folks, who blotted out the Past, and shewed him a most prosperous Futurity thro' the Mouth of a Bottle.

CHAP. XIX.

How he created the Charge of Grand-Calculator *of the* Gaulish-Marches, *wherewith he accommodated a certain Renegado* Caledonian *Mountebank.*

CHAP. XX.

How, on a certain Day, he overset his Grand-Referendary and his Financer, and of the Two *made but* * One.

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* d'Arg. . . . .

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

How Princes and other great Lords turned Paper-Merchants, *and gave out* Bum-Fodder *for Money: Some sold Spice, others Jewels, &c.*

CHAP. XXII.

How the Pontiff of Cambray *had once a Mind to be made a Cardinal, and intreated* Sotermelec *to use his Interest for him with the Pope of* Rome.

CHAP. XXIII.

How, by the Pontiff of Cambray *it was concluded to honour the* Roman *Pope's Goddess* Pancarta, *i. e. the Constitution* UNIGENITUS.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of the strange Things which some Gallish Theologians *discovered concerning* Pancarta.

CHAP. XXV.

How in Cases of Disputes Theologians meet with Perplexities, and occasion the Springing up of Heresies.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

A Prognostication of the Evils and Calamities which are to happen to Religion, thro' Disputes and Controversy; and how a Time shall come that nothing of Christianity *shall remain except the bare Parings.*

CHAP. XXVII.

How the Goddess Pancarta *came to be honoured by those who before did not hold her in any Esteem; and how those were admitted into the Number of the* Converted.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How those who would not reverence the Goddess Pancarta *were banished to the Island of* Papefigues.

CHAP. XXIX.

How the Roman *Pope made the Pontiff of* Cambray *a Cardinal, and gave him eighteen Forties of Pardons for his* future *Sins, with a plenary Remission of the past.*

REMARK

REMARKS

ON THE

REGIMENT *of the* CAP.

THE *Regiment of the Cap* owes its Rise to a Company of Persons, distinguished at the Court of *France*, who, towards the latter End of the Reign of *Lewis* XIVth, very seriously, made it their Business to cast satyrical Reflexions both on the natural Imperfections, and human Frailties of Persons of the highest Rank and Consideration. This Society insensibly growing to an unweildy Bulk, extended it self from the Court to the City, and at length got the Name of the *Regiment* of the *CAP*. Monsieur *Aymond*, the King's Cloak-Bearer, was made General, and Monsieur *de Torsac* Generalissimo.

The Arms of this *Regiment* are a speaking Emblem of its Character, and Employ. Here

Here is the Explication, taken from the very Original.

The *Escutcheon Or*, in a Field *Sable*, a FULL-MOON *Argent*, and two CRESCENTS of the same Metal. In its *Pale*, the Scepter of *Momus*, charged with innumerable Butter-Flies, of various Colours. The said Escutcheon is Crowned with a *Two Eared CAP*, of which one is *erect* and the other *pendant*. The Front of the *CAP* is adorned with little Bells, irregularly and indifferently fastened on, to denote the Hierarchy of the *Regiment*. For the *Crest*, it has a *RAT Passant*, and over it a *Weather-Cock*, to denote its Solidity. These *Arms* have for *Supporters* two MONKEYS, which are as an Emblems of the Innocence and Simplicity of the Society, and two *Cornu-copia*'s in *Mantles*, from whence are dropping down Bits of dirty Paper, whereon the Regiment's Pensions are assigned.

WAR-

WARRANT *of the* INSPECTOR *of* MUSICK *and* DANCING, *to the* REGIMENT *of the* CAP.

By Monsieur DE LANDIVISIAU.

BY Order of the Fool's-Cap-bearing God, we General of the Cap, being desirous that our Regiment should be a Sanctuary and Refuge to such as the Government thanks for their Pains, and judges useless; or such as of their own accord have withdrawn themselves from Business, from thence forwards to live at their Ease, as well in the Country, as in Town, regarding Honours only as mere Cyphers: For these Reasons, by the Gazette, informed of the noble Retreat of the Sieur *de Landivisiau*, who renounces the Directorship which he has exercised, with so much Honour and Reputation, for these eight, or nine Years past: We invest him with the sole Command over the Dancing and Musick, as well serious as comick, according to the Custom of the Regiment; we likewise enjoin the Fifes, Trumpets, Drums, Kettle-

Kettle-Drums, and Haut-bois, exactly to follow his Ordinances, and the Rules which he shall have made. We ordain, as may be well supposed, those who may pretend to Dance, as well our Soldiers, as our Victuallers, to take from him their Instructions, under Penalty of making, in such a Case, an infinite Number of false Steps: To this great Master of Cadence, we make intire Reference of the Turn, Port, Gesture, and Motion, wherein alone Dancing consists. We appoint him, for a Salary, two thousand Crowns on all the Whiffs, or odoriferous Vapours, which exhale from the Dancers, in the Months of *July* and *August*: And in order to render his Honour compleat, we decree him our Medal, of the first, and largest Size, together with a double *CAP* of Lead, Signed *TORSAC*, and underneath *ATMOND*.

JUDGEMENT *of the* CAP, *upon the Process of Monsieur* DE FONTENELLE, *and* HARLEQUIN.

UPON the criminal Complaint, made to the Council of the Regiment, by Master *Bernard Fontenelle*, against *Harlequin*, and his Gang, accused in *solido*, That, to their comick Troop, an Inhibition be

made, To act a Dramatick Piece, under the Name of *Eudimalion*. The Plaintiff, under that same Title, having, about thirty Years since, rhimed a Piece, of an excessive Price, which was refused at the *Opera*, and which, through an Excess of Zeal, he would again have sold to the King for new: On the other Side, *Scaramouch* hearing such Incroachments on the Franchises of his Art, by the Buffooneries and apish Pranks of that whelp Harlequin; all maturely considered: We have said and declared, That the *Italick*-Troop may vilify, and toss into the Air the Author of *Aspar*, an immortal Piece, by the Whizzing which proceeded from it: Together with the Chevalier *d'Her*'s Letters, Digressions wherein *Virgil* is every where treated like a Nincompoop. We forbid the old grizly Author, who has worn Spectacles these thirty Years, to write any more amorous Ribaldry, Ballad, Opera, nor Sonnet, or to bring into a vernal Court an antiquated Dowager Muse, on pain of being dragged away to the *Incurables* of *Parnassus*, where Son *Coypel*, having taken Place, would be glad to swap with him. Done, at the Regiment's Council-Board, Signed *TORSAC*, *AYMOND* being present.

An

An Arrest, *importing Sentence of Banishment to certain Delinquents, who transgress against Reason and Language.*

WE, the Directors of the FOLLY, ordain, by Virtue of the Authority which the States of the *CAP* give us, the Seat being * *vacant*; *Videlicet*, we ordain by these Presents, That, the *College* of † *Forty*, (who, under us, at *Paris*, profess the Art of turning a Period, and of wresting and twisting Wit; who, at a just Price, keep open a Magazine of modish Words, Ice-Houses to cool and refresh *Odes*, Moulds where every Day are made Haranguers of *Don Japhet*,) Be, by an authentick Judgement, condemned to shut up Shop, for having foolishly interfered in the Affairs of the Regiment. We ordain, that they quit the City; and it is our Pleasure, that the most conspicuous Blockheads shall be transferred to *Mount Martre*, from whence

* Since the Decease of Monsieur *De Torsac*, Colonel, the *Regiment* is vacant.

† The *French* Academy.

La Motte, *Houteville*, and *Fontenelle* their Patron, may repair hither, mounted on Asses and on Mules, by their Jargon, to documentize our ridiculous affected Females, at five Pence ℔ Lesson: To which three Sages we grant Leave to compose a *Iroquois* Grammar, and to publish their Treatise of Unintelligibility: In short, to reduce the Tongue into Cyphers, and the present *Arrest* shall be by our Cryers, Drums, and Fifes, read, cried, and placed where needful.

Sign'd,

Edmund, *Secretary to the Regiment.*

And lower down

De St. Martin.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Humour of the Three foregoing Pieces, being not to be hit in any other Language; I thought my self obliged, in Justice to the Author, to subjoin the Originals.

I have likewise subjoined to this Work, the melancholy Catastrophe of an unhappy PRINCE, *which I look upon to be a very curious Tract, and the more so, because our learned and judicious Countryman the Reverend* Mr. Maundrell, *in his Journey from* Aleppo *to* Jerusalem, *mentions this Fact, tho' without any Particulars of the Person who suffered.*

BREVET

D'Inspecteur sur la Musique, & Danse du Regiment de la Calotte.

Pour M. De LANDIVISIAU.

DE par le Dieu porte-Marotte,
Nous Général de la Calotte,
Voulant que nôtre Regiment
Serve de réfuge & d'azile,
A tel que le Gouvernement
Remercie & juge inutile,
Ou tel qui de son propre gré
Des affaires s'est retiré,
Pour vivre désormais tranquile
Aux champs aussi bien qu'à la ville,
Tenant les honneurs à zéro;
ACES CAUSES, *par la Gazette*
Instruit de la noble retraite
Du sieur DE LANDIVISIAU,
Lequel renonce au Directoire
De l'Opera qu'il exerça
Depuis huit à neuf ans en ça,
Avec tant d'honneur & de gloire,

Lui

Lui donnons tout commandement
Sur la danse & sur la musique,
Tant sérieuse que comique,
A l'usage du Regiment ;
Enjoignons aux Fifres, Trompettes,
Tambours, Timballes & Haut-bois,
De suivre exactement ses Loix,
Et les regles qu'il aura faites :
Ordonnons, comme on peut penser,
A tels qui prétendront danser,
Tant nos Soldats, que Vivandieres,
De prendre de lui des lumieres,
Sous peine de faire en tel cas,
Un nombre infini de faux pas ;
A ce grand Maitre de Cadence
Nous raportant entierement
Du tour, port, geste & mouvement,
Où gît tout le fin de la Dance ;
Lui donnons pour apointemens
Deux mille écus sur tous les vents,
Ou vapeurs odoriferantes
Qu'exhalent les troupes dansantes
Dans les mois d'Août & de Juillet ;
En outre par honneur complet,
Lui décernons nôtre médaille
De la premiere & grande taille,
Et double Calotte de plomb.
Signe, TORSAC, Plus bas, AYMOND.

JUGE.

JUGEMENT DE LA CALOTTE,

Sur le procez de M. de Fontenelle, & d'Arlequin.

SUR la complainte criminelle,
Faite au Conseil du Regiment,
Par maître Bernard Fontenelle,
Contre Arlequin & sa Sequelle,
Accusés solidairement,
A ce qu'à leur Troupe comique,
Il soit fait inhibition
De joüer piéce dramatique ;
*Sous le nom d'*Eudimalion.
Le Plaignant, suos ce titre même,
Ayant depuis trente ans en-ça,
Rimé piéce d'un prix extrême,
Qu'à l'Opera l'on refusa,
Et qu'il veut par excès de zéle
Revendre au Roi comme nouvelle :

Oüi Scaramouche, d'autre part,
Sur les Franchises de son art,
Vû d'Arlequin les singeries,
Culbutes & boufonneries ;
Tout meurement consideré :
Nous avons dit & déclaré,
Que pourra la Troupe Italique,
Vilipender, berner en l'air,
L'Auteur d' Aspar, *Piéce immortelle*
Par le sifflet que nâquit d'elle ;
Des Lettres du Chevalier d'Her ;
Des digressions où Virgile
Est traité par tout d'imbécile.
Deffendons à l'Auteur Barbon,
Depuis trente ans portant lunettes
D'écrire plus tendres sornettes,
Ballet, Opera, ni chanson,
Et dans une Cour Printaniere,
D'amener Muse doûairiere,
A peine d'être mis mes-hui.
Aux Incurables du Parnasse
Où Ceypel fils ayant pris place,
Voudra bien chambrer avec lui.
FAIT *au Conseil du Regiment.*
Signé TORSAC, AYMOND *présent.*

AR-

ARRET

Portant Condamnation de Banissement, contre certains déliquans envers la Raison & la Langue.

NOus Directeurs de la MAROTTE,
En vertu de l'autorité
Que les Etats de la *Calotte*
Nous donnent *Sede Vacante* (*)
Sçavoir faisons par la présente
Que le College des Quarante (†)
Qui sous nous professe à *Paris*
L'Art de quarrer la période,
Et de tortuer les Esprits ;
Qui tient ouvert à juste prix
Magazin de Mots à la Mode,
Glacieres à rafraichir l'Ode,
Moules où chaque jour on fait
Des Harangueurs de *Dom Japhet*,
Est par Jugement autentique

* Depuis la mort de Mr. *Torsac* Colonel, le Régiment est vacant.
† L'Academie *Françoise*.

Con-

Condamné de fermer boutique,
Pour s'être immiſcé ſottement
Aux affaires du Regiment.
ORDONNONS qu'il vuide la Ville,
VOULONS que les plus égarez
A *Mont Martre* ſoient transferez,
D'où pourront *La Motte*, *Houteville*,
Et *Fontenelle* leur Patron,
Venir ſur ânes & ſur Mules
Endoctriner de leur jargon
Les Précieuſes ridicules,
A cinq Sols par chaque leçon ;
Auxquels trois permettons de faire
En *Iroquois* une Grammaire,
Et de publier leur Traité
D'inintelligibilité ;
Bref réduire la langue en chifres ;
Et ſera le préſent Arrêt
Par nos Crieurs, Tambours, & Fifres
Lû crié, mis où beſoin eſt.

Signé,

EDMOND *Scretaire du Regimen.*

& plus bas

DE St. MARTIN.

F I N.

THE Deplorable HISTORY OF Prince JONAS, A MARONITE.

Who was Impaled alive for refusing to turn *Mahometan*.

Done from the FRENCH of

MONSIEUR DE LA ROQUE,

In his *Voyage* to *Syria*, 1722.

THE HISTORY OF PRINCE JONAS, A *Maronite*.

PRINCE JONAS * was descended from the noblest and most ancient Family in *Mount-Libanus*. He was, both by Blood and Marriage, nearly related to the *Emir*, who is the *Prince* and *Chief* of the whole Nation of the

 † *Maro-*

* In the *French* he is called *Junes*, which is no other than *Jonas*. Mr. *Henry Maundrell* calls him *Sheck Eunice*, which indeed is ptetty near the oriental Pronunciation of that Name, which should be *Sheickh Yunes*. *Sheickh*, in the *Arabick*-Tongue, is the same as *Pres'yter* or *Elder*, and is always the Title of the Chief of any *Tribe*, nothing differing from the *Lairds* of *Clans* in the *Highlands* of *Scotland*. Nowithstanding

† *Maronites*, and among several other very considerable Lands and Inheritances, he was possessed of a beautiful Patrimony, under the Title of a Principality, upon the Declivity of *Mount-Libanus*, in the Neighbourhood of *Tripoly* and *Gebail*, the Revenue whereof was about one hundred thousand *Livres* ℔ *Annum*.

This

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withstanding the Word properly signifies an *Old Man*, yet a very *young* Person may be, and frequently is made a *Sheickh*. From hence came that unaccountable Blunder of some of the Writers of the *Holy Wars*, who, through Ignorance of this Distinction, have so very improperly interpreted *Sheickh el Gebail*, a Person often mentioned in those Wars, *The Old Man of the Mountains*; when his being Prime-Governour and Commander of those Mountains was no Manner of Argument, or Reason, for his being an *Old Man*: Neither is *Sheickh* properly a *Prince*, though I call him so after my Author; for that superior Dignity is distinguished by the Word *Emir*.

† These People derive their Original from one *Maron*, a *Syrian* Abbot, or rather a Monk, who lived in the Reign of the Emperor *Mauritius*, and maintain'd, contrary to the Sentiments of *Eutyches* and his Disciples, That there were really *two* Natures in *Jesus Christ*, but that there was only *one* Will and Operation as there was but *one* Person. He had Abundance of Followers, who spread themselves all over *Syria*, but chiefly in the Cities of *Hamah*, *Kennasserin*, and *Aouassem*, taking the Name of *Marounioun*, or *Marouna*; and from them the Sect of the *Monothelites* took the Denomination

This *Prince*, as to his Person, was very well made, of a graceful, comely Mien, of an easy, free, and affable Temper, but, more especially, he was extreamly remarkable for his admirable Talent and Address in negotiating Affairs with great Men, and insinuating himself into their good Graces. All these valuable Qualifications, joined to a sound Judgement, a large Share of Prudence, and a vast Capacity, soon gained him the Esteem and Confidence of most of the great Ministers of the *Porte*; and several *Bashaes*, or *Vice-roys* of *Syria* frequently employed him in managing the

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mination of *Marouniah*, among the *Eastern* Nations, and are, by the *Europeans* called *Maronites*. After the Death of their Founder *Maroun*, his Disciples built a Church and Monastery, in Honour to his Memory, in the City of *Hamah*, which, from him, bears the Name of *Deiar Maroun*, or the *Houses* of *Maroun*. To this Monastery the Emperour *Heraclius* retired when the People of *Emissa* refused to admit him, by Reason he had professed himself a *Maronite* or *Monothelite*. These *Maronites*, being, at length, condemned by the Sixth General-Council, held at *Constantinople*, under the Emperor *Constantine Pogonatus*, in the Year 681, they were expelled most Cities of *Syria*, and forced to retire to the Mountains *Libanus* and *Anti-Libanus*, where they became a distinct Nation, and so still continue. They are since become *good Catholicks*, and acknowledge the *Pope's* Supremacy.

most important Affairs of their Government, in which Negociations he always came off with Success and Applause, insomuch that his Authority in that Province became little inferior to that of the *Bashaes* themselves.

This uncommon Esteem and Deference shewn to a *Christian*, could not fail of creating him some Enemies, (and of stirring up Envy in the Breasts of those who are won't to repine at the Prosperity of others, especially of such as they imagine to be their Inferiours, as all *Mahometans* do those who differ from them in Belief.) Nor did his Administration, notwithstanding he had always the strictest Regard to Justice and Equity, fail to raise Murmurs and Discontents among the chief Officers, and other principal *Turks* of the Province, which, at last, grew to that Height that they united themselves into a Body, with a full Resolution to ruin him.

To this Effect, they took Advantage of the greedy and inhuman Disposition of *Kubban Ben El-Matargi*, the new *Basha* of *Tripoly* in *Syria*, who was a needy, avaricious Man, and a Native of *Laodicea* in the same Province. They fill'd his Ears with Abundance of false Accusations against the innocent PRINCE, but the *Burden of their*

Song

Song, upon which they most of all insisted, and were continually *harping*, was his great Acquisitions, and the vast Riches he had accumulated: *The most capital Crime a Man can possibly be guilty of among the insatiable Turks.*

The *Basha* gave them a very favourable Audience; and to convince them that their Discourse had not been displeasing to him, he not only immediately sent to have PRINCE *Jonas* apprehended, but likewise his Brother PRINCE *Joseph*, and also their Wives, Children, and Families, without Regard to Age or Sex; as also many of their Relations and Allies, to the Number of above fifty Persons, all which were put under a close Confinement.

The unfortunate PRINCE was soon given to understand, that the Crimes he had been accus'd of were capital, and would prove fatal to himself and his whole Family; and, that the only Means he had to save himself, and them, from the cruelest and most ignominious Deaths, was to renounce CHRISTIANITY, and turn MAHOMETAN.

PRINCE *Jonas*, at first, shewed a Constancy and Resolution worthy of a true Christian, and of his illustrious Descent. He cour-

couragiouſly reſiſted all the Threats, ſubtil Wiles, Inſinuations and Artifices uſed by his Enemies to engage him to abandon his *Faith*: But, in the End, the Intereſt of his whole Family, the inevitable Perſecution, upon the Account of their Religion, they would be expoſed to if he loſt his Life for his Obſtinacy, and ſuch like Conſiderations, induced him to reflect more ſeriouſly upon his unhappy State, and to endeavour to free himſelf, and thoſe for whom he had ſo tender an Affection, from theſe wretched Circumſtances; which he too plainly perceived was wholly impracticable by any other Method than that of making, at leaſt, an outward Profeſſion of *Mahometiſm*. He, therefore, conſented ſo to do; but upon this expreſs Condition, "That he, alone, would turn *Muſſulman*; "but that his whole Family ſhould con-"tinue in the *Chriſtian-Faith*, and be im-"mediately ſet at Liberty."

The *Baſſa*, who thought it not at all conſiſtent with his Intereſt, to loſe abſolutely a Perſon of ſuch great Conſequence, as PRINCE *Jonas*, readily agreed to this Propoſal, contented himſelf, with his exterior Profeſſion of their Religion, and left both the Conſciences and Perſons of all the reſt of his Family to their intire Liberty.

The

The PRINCE, when he came to die, said, that, this Expedient, which he afterwards sufficiently condemned, he imagined, at first, to be not only lawful, but he even thought it, in some measure, meritorious; that he had, by so doing, not only saved his whole Family and Kindred, who were very numerous, from being forcibly compelled to embrace *Mahometism*, but had likewise eluded the Marriages of his Daughters and Nieces with several *Turks* of the greatest Quality and Distinction, as was before intended, and would, infallibly, have been effected.

After this, PRINCE *Jonas* remained making his Court to the *Basha* for forty Days, the better to cover his real Designs, and in the mean while, did privately convey away his Wife, Children and all his Relations to the Mountains of *Kesroan*; where he was well assured they were intirely out of Danger; which when he had done and the forty Days were expired, he himself followed them to that Place of Security.

His first Care was to go and cast himself at the Feet of the *Patriarch* of the *Maronites*, where he shed Torrents of bitter Tears of Contrition for the Weakness he had been guilty of, and made an ample Confession of his Sins. He loudly declared and protested,

tested, that he never was, nor never would be any other than a *Christian*. He renewed this Profession of the *Holy-Faith*, and after he had, with the profoundest Humility, performed the *Penance* which was imposed upon him by the *Patriarch*, he was, by him, absolved and reconciled to the *Church*. This *Object* was extremely moving, and tended very much to the Edification of all the Inhabitants of *Mount-Libanus*.

PRINCE *Jonas*, having thus endeavoured to pay the Debt he owed to Heaven, he undertook, also, to justify himself to the World. He *publickly appealed* against the whole *Procedure* of the *Basha* of *Tripoly*, as well in Regard to the Accusations that had been made in his Prejudice, as to the Violence which had been offered him; and he had Credit and Interest enough with the chief Ministers, at the *Porte*, to have his Case laid before the *Grand Signior* himself.

The *Basha*, likewise, sent a Memorial in his own Defence, and employed all his Friends to plead in the Vindication of his Proceedings: The Cause was debated in a full *Divan*; but the *Grand Signior* finding it to be altogether a Concern of Conscience and Religion, and no Point of the Civil-Law, referred it to the Determination and

De-

Decision of the great *Mufti* of *Constantinople*.

That great Expounder or Interpreter of the *Mahometan* Law, after a very serious Examination of this Fact, and a fair Hearing of what each Party concerned had to alledge, solemnly passed his definitive Judgement in the PRINCE's Favour. He declared the seeming Profession of *Mahometism*, he had made, to be null, void, abusive, illegitimate, and of no Effect, as being merely an Effect of the Violence done to him by the *Basha* of *Tripoly*, who was absolutely forbidden ever offering to molest him for the future upon this subject. This Sentence was very surprizing to many People, but those who had the deepest Penetration, always imagined and expected, that the *Ottoman-Court*, in this Affair, would remember, and have some Regard to the Services and great Merits of PRINCE *Jonas*.

Notwithstanding all this, he was not intirely satisfied in his Mind; he had continually a secret Grief and Compunction in his very Soul, for the great Scandal he had given the *Christian* Inhabitants of so populous a City as that of *Tripoly*.

Being

Being perpetually preſſed with this ſtinging Remorſe, he, one Day, came down from the Mountain, went to *Tripoly*, and there, in the Preſence of the *Baſha* and his whole *Divan*, he aloud made a ſolemn Confeſſion of the *Chriſtian Faith*: He afterwards did the ſame in every publick Street in the City, with ſuch as Boldneſs and Courage as exceedingly ſurprized all that ſaw or heard him.

The *Turks* were oblig'd to diſſemble and wink at this Proceeding of the PRINCE; tho' in Reality, it was a Thing of an extreme delicate Nature: And it fell out very luckily for him in this Reſpect, that ſoon after there happened a Change of Government, and the ſucceeding *Baſha*, being his Friend, called him to the Management of the principal Affairs of the State, and, in particular, committed to his Charge the Care of all the Territories belonging to *Tripoly*, which are of a vaſt Extent; and to put him intirely out of all Apprehenſion of Danger from what had paſt with the former *Baſha*, he procured for him an *Imperial Mandate*, ſigned with the *Grand Signior*'s own Hand, which, in confirming the *Mufti*'s Sentence, permitted him and his whole Family to continue in the publick Exerciſe and Profeſſion of the

Chriſtian

Christian Religion, with very particular and expreſs Prohibitions never to trouble any of them, for the Future, upon that Account.

During the Space of five Years, PRINCE *Jonas*, with all his Family, lived wholly undiſturbed in the City of *Tripoly*, officiating with great Honour and Fidelity the Function of his Government: But, in the End of that Term of Years, *viz.* at the Beginning of the Year 1695, this *Baſha* of *Tripoly*, his great Friend and Benefactor, being likewiſe depoſed, and all the Friends the PRINCE had at the *Ottoman Court* being either dead or out of Favour, his Enemies took their Advantage of this unhappy Juncture to perſecute him afreſh, and in fine, to work his utter Deſtruction.

They again laid before the new *Baſha* a long Detail of imaginary Crimes, and among the Reſt, *That* concerning the Affront done to their Religion, which, as they expreſſed it, he had moſt outragiouſly abuſed, and trampled under his Feet.

The *Baſha*, immediately, at their Inſtigation, loaded him with Fetters, and impriſoned him in the Caſtle; nor did he forget, all the Time of his Confinement,

which was of more than ten Years Continuance, either Threats, or Tortures, Wiles, Insinuations, or Caresses, in Order to engage this unhappy Prince to stagger in his Faith; nay and went so far as to promise him, in a most solemn Manner, the most important Places of Trust in the whole Province, and to procure him the Succession to the Vice-roy-ship of the City and Territories of *Tripoly*, as soon as his Time of Government should be expir'd.

The PRINCE still continued firm and immovable as a Rock, nor could any Thing possibly be more pathetick and truly Christian than the Arguments he used and the Answers he returned: Nay he protested, that he received this Persecution as an extraordinary Mercy from Heaven, since it gave him an Opportunity of expiating and washing away with his Blood former Crimes, being, as he affirmed, most willingly disposed to spill the last Drop in his Veins in Defence of the *true* and *only Religion*.

In fine, upon some fresh Sollicitations made by the *Basha*, in Person, upon the same Subject, and to the same Effect, PRINCE *Jonas* having answered, That "He was firmly resolved never to change "that inestimable *Gem*, the *Christian Faith*, "for

" for that deteſtable, filthy *Ordure*, the " *Mahometan Sectary*; the *Baſha*, quite blind with Rage and Indignation at ſuch horrible Blaſphemy, * *rent his Garments*, treated the Prince with very opprobrious Names, as *Dog*, *Infidel*, and the like, and immediately condemned him to be impaled.

The Vice-roys and Governours of Provinces thro'out the whole *Ottoman* Empire, have an abſolute and unlimited Power over the Lives and Eſtates of the *Grand Signior*'s Subjects, and their unappealable Sentences are inſtantly put in Execution. However the *Baſha* made ſtill two Tryals to ſave the Life of the PRINCE; the firſt of which was, to ſend to him all his Friends and Relations, to endeavour to perſuade him to comply with what he ſo earneſtly deſired, but all was to no manner of Purpoſe, and ſerved for nothing but to make his Conſtancy the more conſpicuous and admired.

At laſt, when the *Baſha* perceived that nothing would prevail, he cauſed this unfortunate PRINCE to be brought forth

* An ancient Cuſtom among the *Eaſtern* Nations, and ſtill frequently uſed, upon any Occaſions of great Trouble or Concern.

from his Prison, bearing the fatal Stake upon his Shoulder, preceeded, and followed, by an infinite Number of People, who insulted his unhappy Destiny and Ignominy: In this manner he pass'd thro' the City to a neighbouring Hill, which was appointed by the Tyrant to be the last Scene of all his Sufferings.

Before he was delivered up into the Hands of his inhuman Executioners, the *Basha* sent to him, for the last Time, to propose not only the Saving his Life, but Restitution of all his Estate and Effects, with those of his Family and Relations, which had also been seized upon. In a Word, this Governour omitted neither Arguments nor Persuasions to induce him to a Compliance, but all his Attempts were to no Effect; PRINCE *Jonas* still answered like a true Christian Heroe, and repeated several Times these Words; *I confide in the Mercy of God; He will take Care of me, my Family, and my Estate.*

To conclude, this unhappy, but heroick PRINCE, still persevering in these great and truly noble Dispositions; he intrepidly and most Christian like suffered the cruelest and most rigorous Death in the World, in the Sight of the whole City and of an infinite Multitude of People, who came flocking

flocking from many adjacent Parts to behold so tragical an Object: He fell pitied and regretted by some, mocked and derided by others, lamented by several, but, in the End, admir'd by all for his unexampled Constancy and Perseverance.

From the Moment he was fixed upon the Stake till his latest Breath, he never ceased from praising, blessing, and invoking the Name of the Lord. He repeated the Confession of the *Christian* Faith, called upon his blessed Redeemer, and at last, amidst these and many such Acts of unfeigned Contrition, he gave up the Ghost, rendering his pious Soul to God, the same Day of his Martyrdom, which happened on the 12th or 13th of *May* in the Year 1697.

His Body remained upon the Stake during the Space of five Days, guarded by two Companies of Soldiers, to prevent its being taken away by the *Maronite* Christians. It is attested by many credible Eye-Witnesses, That from the very Night after his Execution, there appeared something like a Crown of Fire round his Head, whereat the Guards being terrified, fled away in great Consternation. The *Mahometans* gave out, that it was a Fire come from Hell to devour the Body of that sacrilegious Wretch, who had apostatized from the *Mussulman*

Faith;

Faith; but as that Light continued still to appear, and the Corps remained unhurt, the Guards kept a greater Distance, and would, by no Means, venture to approach.

At length, some considerable Men among the *Turks*, represented to the *Basha*, the Inconvenience there was in leaving the Body of this unfortunate PRINCE so long exposed to such Ignominy, and that it was the ready Way to cause an Insurrection among the People. Upon these Representations the *Basha* gave leave to one of PRINCE *Jonas*'s Kinsmen to take down his Body, which he did and put it into a Pit in the *Maronite*'s burial Place, and two Days after secretly conveyed it to a Sepulcher behind the Pulpit of St. *John*'s Church in *Tripoly*, where it still continues.

It was a Subject of great Admiration, and is so to this Day looked upon as a Thing more than natural, that this PRINCE's Corps, for eighty whole Days and Nights, should remain, as it did, untainted, fresh, and supple, with the Joints all pliable, and without any kind of ill Scent.

After this deplorable Death of PRINCE *Jonas*, his Brother PRINCE *Joseph*, who was put into Prison along with him, underwent the greatest Persecutions imagina-

ble,

ble, and had likewise inevitably perished, if his Friends had not compounded with the *Basha*, by sacrificing to his Avarice all the Remainder of his Estate to preserve his own Life, and Family, and that of his murdered Brother from certain Ruin.

The unhappy PRINCE *Joseph* some Time after, undertook a Voyage into *Europe*, in order to move the *Christian* Potentates to commiserate his Misfortunes, and implore their Charity. I saw him at *Paris*, where he stayed several Months, but I am not able to express the great Modesty of his Deportment, and the exemplary Resignation which appeared in all his Actions.

King *Lewis* XIVth had the Bounty to relieve his Necessities, and to write in his Behalf to his Embassador at *Constantinople* and his Consuls in the *Levant*. His Majesty likewise, wrote a Letter of Consolation, upon this Subject, to the Patriarch of the *Maronites*.

From PRINCE *Joseph* I had this particular Relation of the Life and Death of his Brother; which is intirely conformable to the Letters written by the *Patriarch* of the *Maronites* to the *Pope* and the *King* of *France*, upon this melancholy Occasion, sub-

subscribed and attested by the *Bishops* of *Mount-Libanus*; and likewise to the Contents of a *Verbal Process*, made in Form of an *Affidavit*, by the *French* Consul of *Tripoly* in *Syria*, signed by all the principal Clergy-men, both *French* and *Spaniards*, in the *Holy Land*.

FINIS.